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## The Week

THERE are many rumors abroad of negotiations between the French and German governments, the object and result of which will be to end the war for coal. No doubt some such negotiations will take place in one form or another; but if they do take place they will not in our opinion result in an early settlement. Nor will the negotiators intend them to result in an early settlement. There is no present possibility of an honest agreement between the two governments. M. Poincaré cannot back down without extorting a treaty from Germany which amounts in practice to the permanent political and economic subordination of the German to the French nation. Herr Cuno cannot consent to such terms until the power of resistance of the German people is completely broken. If negotiations take place, both parties to the negotiation will be manoeuvring for position. The German government will try to get from France an explicit proposal for a settlement in the hope that the French terms will intensify the German will to resist and, perhaps, create some resentment against France and sympathy for Germany in other countries. The French government will try to get an offer of settlement from the Germans which will look so inadequate to hesitating Frenchmen and to the many millions of people in all countries who are still instinctively anti-German, that it will feel strong enough to tighten the screws. After the negotiations are over, the coal war will enter upon a new and a more desperate, embittered and costly phase.

DURING the past two weeks the changes which have taken place in the circumstances of the war have been more favorable to Germany than to France. In the Ruhr itself the French army is still unsuccessful in its efforts to make Germans the accomplices of their own national humiliation and destruction. The dissatisfaction with the Poincaré policy in Europe is increasing. Italy has practically withdrawn from participation in the enterprise. The Belgians are discontented and alarmed and would be only too glad to quit. The tide of anti-French opinion is rising not only in England but in Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. If it were rising also in the United States, it might be possible to begin within the next few months a diplomatic demonstration against France which would force the French government to take notice; but American public opinion remains apathetic and confused. Its confusion is perfectly reflected by the outcome of a recent plebiscite at Yale, which according to the newspaper account committed the Yale students to the support of the following propositions. (1) Americans should approve of the French policy and sympathize with it. (2) The results of that policy will be to increase the obstacles to the political appeasement and economic restoration of Europe. (3) The American government should abstain from any interference. In the absence of American support it seems wholly improbable that there will be any diplomatic demonstration in Europe against France, which means that M. Poincaré will continue to carry on his war against Germany until she lies at his feet prostrate, exhausted and frothing at the mouth.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S tacit acceptance of a renomination ought to be greeted by the progressives in the party as a golden opportunity. The


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old progressives under Roosevelt could strike a blow for emancipation from standpattism only at the cost of electing a Democratic President. The progressives of today can strike their blow without appreciable cost. With Harding running the victory of the Democrats is practically assured, in any event. All that is at stake within the party is the control of the nominations for 1928. If the progressives name an independent ticket next summer they will prove by the vote their absolute indispensability to Republican success. They would not need to look forward, this time, to unconditional surrender. Indeed, with energetic leadership, they might easily in the course of six years make themselves the dominant party, and be in a position to nurse along the stand-pat wing with just such tasty and insubstantial sops as have been handed to themselves in lieu of nourishment.

THERE are touring the colleges at the present time two groups of European students who came to this country at the invitation of the National Student Forum for the purpose of enlightening college audiences in this country about the so-called Youth Movement in Europe. Mr. Ralph Easley has recently published and circulated in a pamphlet an attack on this Youth Movement and its representatives in this country which is peculiarly contemptible even for him. He makes clumsy fun of the movement and announces that it is not "of any great consequence in Europe except in pacifist, socialist and communist circles." It is, of course, always difficult to reply to an attack which draws its force exclusively from the use of question-begging epithets, but in this case the helplessness, the friendlessness and the innocence of the victims make the injustice of the assault more than usually detestable. The Youth Movement in Europe which these young men are trying to express for audiences of college students in this country is neither economic nor political. It is an attempt to find something in the spirit of youth which will free the men and women of today from the mechanistic, specializing and purely secular habit of mind which is, in the opinion of these young people, responsible for the war and its disastrous consequences. They may be mistaken and their gospel is certainly vague and questionable, but if America has become a country in which a group of young men cannot preach a message of this kind to their American fellows without being held up to public reprobation by reputable people, then the America which fought the Revolutionary and Civil Wars in the name of human liberation is buried in the graves of our ancestors.

PROFESSOR BONN'S article in this issue on The War for Coal presents a German view of the situation in the Ruhr, the value of which in the present crisis is obvious. One or two of his statistical calculations, however, demand a word of explanation. Germany, he says, claims to have paid nine billion dollars. A recent official statement puts the figure even higher, at eleven billions, but several of the items are such as the Allies would dispute both as to size and legitimacy. Nearly half a billion dollars of this sum, for instance, is for non-military property left on the German front and nearly a billion and a half more is for German state property in the ceded territories. The estimate of German property sequestrated abroad as totalling eleven billion gold marks is not, as a hasty reader might imply, an agreed valuation, but a German claim, of which, while it may be correct, the detailed items have not been made public. The total liability under the London Agreement is larger by a billion dollars than Professor Bonn states it, the amount having been fixed at 132,000,000,000 gold marks.

IF the author of this article were fully cognizant of the state of American opinion he would probably have placed an altered emphasis on two other aspects of his discussion. After pointing out the psychological unwisdom of the failure to fix the amount of reparation until after two years' delay, he adds that "the majority of the German people have so far stood for a policy of carrying out the Peace Treaty in its financial clauses." Probably most Americans do not believe satisfactory evidence has been offered that this has been the case, and those who think Germany was unjustly burdened by the Treaty consider that a failure to attempt the impossible was well justified. Again, when Professor Bonn by implication attributes the fall of the German mark solely to the necessity for making cash payments on account of reparations, he overlooks a widespread belief in this country that the issuance of new paper currency in Germany has been larger than was necessary and than would have been the case if the government really desired to halt the downward movement. These are, of course, only minor exceptions to an argument with which most fair-minded Americans will find themselves in general agreement.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS and the New York Times are very eager to know what the liberal journals think about the action of the Wisconsin Legislature in passing a resolution denouncing the members of the State University faculty who signed a document attacking La Follette's stand on the war. As we view the case certain professors, exercising their rights as citizens, expressed their opposition to the views of La Follette. Certain legislators, exercising their rights as citizens, expressed their opposition to the views of the professors. A fine sense of propriety might have made the professors more careful to make clear that they were expressing their views as citizens, not as representatives of an institution of learning. An equally fine sense of propriety might

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have led La Follette's supporters to refrain from expressing their views as members of the Legislature. But politics and propriety dwell together only in Utopia. No bones have been broken, no individuals have been put in jail for their opinions nor put out of their jobs. With the best will in the world to demonstrate in behalf of academic freedom, we can't see anything to demonstrate about.

IT is true, as Professor Davis points out, that the professors in the university will feel uneasy about their salaries, promotion and tenure of office when they "express in public any opinion adverse to the dominant La Follette régime." It is nothing new in state university life for professors to feel uneasy whenever they attack the political régime that controls the Legislature and hence the university appropriations. There are in every university advocates of the safe and sane life who earnestly counsel their colleagues to conduct their opinions, in the class room and outside of it, in such a manner as to avoid giving political offence to anybody. Avoid the politics of Wisconsin and instruct the youth in the politics of twelfth century Byzantium. Avoid the World War, but move the class to tears over Carthage fallen. Well, thank Heaven, this counsel does not prevail. There are very few professors who are not men enough to take losses for their honest beliefs. The professors who signed the Wisconsin round robin surely did not do so under the assumption that La Follette and his supporters were down for good and could be safely stepped on. And we hope that they will take the occasion to publish a new memorandum, reaffirming their original views so far as they still hold them and, in any event, vindicating their right as citizens to make public the views they honestly held at the time. Liberty is the very life of scholarship, and its foes ought not to be permitted to sidestep the issue as they will if the professors let the matter rest where it now stands.

THE Fordney-McCumber tariff law has failed in practice to develop at least one of the after-effects predicted by its opponents: it has not curtailed imports. The statistical service of the Department of Commerce, struggling manfully with the operations of this clumsy and complicated measure, now reports that merchandise imports in December were $60,000,000 larger than in the same month a year ago, and larger than in any other month of 1922 except September. In money value December's imports were greater by 61 percent than in 1913, a fact which should be read, however, in the light of an increase in wholesale prices of some 56 percent. Our "favorable balance" is now smaller than it has been since 1914, amounting to only $715,000,000 last year as against $4,000,000,000 in 1919. These facts do not mean, of course, that the tariff is a less effective weapon than was supposed. The explanation is in part that much of our trade is in commodities still on the free list; and in part, that reviving domestic demand and advancing prices make it still possible for goods produced abroad to come in despite the tariff barrier. The American workingman in fact is not being protected against his French or German fellow; the tariff has no other important effect than to raise prices for the consumer. That, despite all protestations, is obviously what the men who framed it hoped and expected it would do.

DESPITE the abolition of excess profit taxes and the reduction of surtaxes, payments to the federal government for the first quarter of the year were more than $50,000,000 larger than in the same period in 1922; which is adequate though unnecessary proof of the rapid improvement of financial and industrial conditions. The unhappy citizen who has managed to do his duty by the Ides of March and now looks forward with apprehension to the ordeal of June, may console himself with three cheerful thoughts. The first is that the expense of government, federal, state and local, is increasing much faster than our national income, the proportion being today more than twice as large as in 1913 and the sum now amounting, it is estimated, to 14 cents in every dollar earned. The second is that 85 percent of the national government's expenditures goes for war purposes if pensions and public debt interest and amortization are included under this heading, as they ought to be. The third and most instructive of these reflections is that the burden of income taxation is being steadily and rapidly shifted from the rich to the poor, through the happy device of investments by the former in tax exempt securities, which are now being issued at the rate of a billion to a billion and a half a year and have reached a total (exclusive of Liberty bonds) of more than ten billions. While every other nation taxes unearned income at higher rates than earned, with us the reverse is true.

## Lord Robert Cecil's Visit

AMERICANS who are interested in a better understanding between American and European public opinion should be grateful to Lord Robert Cecil for accepting the invitation of the Foreign Policy Association to come to this country and address American audiences on questions of international organization. Lord Robert is exceptionally qualified for the task. He was a member of the Lloyd George war ministry and occupied a position in the government which furnished him with unusual opportunities for observing the action and reaction of public opinion on foreign politics. After the signature of the armistice he became one of the foremost English supporters of a league of nations and was influential in the group which

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drew up the British draft of a plan. During the past three years he has devoted much of his time to the League of Nations Union—a numerous and powerful society which is organizing British public opinion in favor of the existing League. Finally he has frequently represented the British government in the meetings of the League Assembly. On these occasions he has labored indefatigably and intelligently to improve the League both in its organization and operation, to make of it more an association of peoples and less an association of governments and to enable it to deal realistically and effectively with the all important problems of peace and war.

Considering the prevalent prejudice in America against the League of Nations and Lord Robert's peculiarly intimate association with that organization, his coming addresses in this country are alleged to be dubious propaganda on behalf of the League. We do not agree with this view. We feel sure that Lord Robert will present the League of Nations in a more persuasive aspect to American audiences than the majority of its American supporters have presented it. The American friends of the Covenant have asked their fellow countrymen either to accept it as it is, in spite of the extent to which it imposed on the United States the burden of intervening in purely European disputes about territorial boundaries, or else to accept it subject to ambiguous and doubtful reservations. They would have done better to admit frankly the force of the criticism which was urged against Article X and to associate their propaganda in favor of American adhesion to the League with a proposal for the modification of the Covenant. One of Lord Robert's chief qualifications as a spokesman for the League in this country is that he is warmly and effectively agitating in Europe for a revision of Article X which, if it should now take place, would do something to disarm one of the most serious of the American objections to the League.

Lord Robert is working in substance for the establishment in Europe of an even stronger guarantee of non-aggression and mutual security than that which Japan, France, Great Britain and the United States have adopted with respect to the islands of the Pacific. He proposes in substance a general defensive alliance among European nations large and small which would promise security to everybody and render any nation which did not respect the promise subject to a penalty analogous to that which was visited on Germany for violating Belgium. The New Republic believes profoundly in the statesmanship of his proposal. Its acceptance is a necessary condition not only of European appeasement but of loyal political cooperation in the future between the United States and Europe. Until the European nations enter into such an international security league, European politics will consist fundamentally in the attempt to rationalize and carry on a struggle for power among factious groups or governments, which will at best result in an unstable equilibrium and at worst in the preponderance of one faction over the others. As long as this struggle lasts Europe can obtain peace only through force, and individual nations can obtain security only by conspiring against the security of their neighbors. There is no way of stopping it except by a compact among all the governments to respect one another's frontiers and to combine against an aggressor. The existence of such a compact would neutralize the territory of Europe. If its signatories lived up to it, it would do away with the possibility that an American army would ever again be used for the benefit of one selfish faction in a continuing European international feud; and by getting rid of the danger and the need of American military intervention, it would remove an insuperable obstacle to political partnership between the American and European peoples.

Lord Robert's proposal has, of course, an obvious and important bearing on the existing European crisis. If France really desires security, it provides a much more satisfactory method of protecting her against any possible attack from Germany than the proposed Anglo-American guarantee of the French frontier. An Anglo-American guarantee of France alone would provide for the French people better security than any other people in Europe enjoyed, and it would provide this security at a moment when the policy of the French government violated the right of other peoples to a similar assurance. It is absurd and dangerous to guarantee France against Germany unless France agrees on her part not to abuse her existing and continuing military supremacy. Security can only be created by *general* confidence. No one nation separated only by land frontiers from neighboring nations can enjoy it unless all enjoy it. Lord Robert's proposal is an expression of this fundamental truth. It makes the guarantees which are to give birth to security reciprocal and attaches as much importance to protecting Germany against France as it does to protecting France against Germany. The refusal of France to abandon any of the privileges which she derives from her military preponderance renders it impossible to apply Lord Robert's remedy at present, but sooner or later the European people will find themselves forced to adopt it. Its adoption will become a matter of self-preservation. Otherwise they will have to choose between intolerable political and social anarchy and a temporary artificial American dictatorship.

The adoption of Lord Robert's proposal for a European non-aggression compact is an indispensable condition of the exercise by the League of Nations of effective control over the issues of European peace and war. As long as it is not adopted, the League will remain as powerless to

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deal effectively with all fundamental international conflicts as it is now to deal with the terrible feud between France and Germany. Its policy is at present dominated by a France whose political purposes are incompatible with its own continued existence. Yet it cannot escape from this domination without creating an opposition to France which for the time being would also imperil its existence. It is necessarily weak and incompetent, when any one nation possesses an irresistible army and claims a legal right to invade the territory of its neighbor. The League cannot eradicate European feuds by taking part in them and by strengthening Germany against France or France against Germany. It can get rid of them only by preventing them, if possible, from occurring, by insisting that if the European nations really wish security they must prove their sincerity by giving up the right to threaten the security of one another. In short, if Lord Robert's proposal is adopted the League would, so far as Europe is concerned, practically outlaw military operations on land and in the traditional sense war itself. It would be forced in that case to substitute some alternative method of dealing with the disputes which now are settled by military invasions, and the new method might be either obligatory conference or obligatory adjudication. But in either event there would necessarily emerge a new system of international law, based not on arbitrary agreements among irresponsible and theoretically absolute sovereignties but upon some attempted formulation of universal human law—a veritable droit des gens which would express the essential conditions of a free, consenting and formative association among peoples.

# Coming to Grips with Monopoly

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is often characterized as a sensationalist. Any public document that is associated with his name is therefore assumed to be sensational. That is the assumption made by the stand-pat press with respect to the recent La Follette report on the High Cost of Gasoline and other Petroleum Products. Yet there is precious little in the report that is not matter of common knowledge.

The report finds that Standard Oil is just as much a unified monopoly as it was before its legal dissolution. Does any one doubt it? It finds that the price of crude petroleum and the prices of the finished products are pretty completely controlled by the Standard Oil interests. Nothing new here. It finds that competitors, if they really mean business, are rather roughly handled. No small refiner can secure a spoon long enough for safety in supping with Standard Oil. The report finds that the various corporations that have taken the place of the old Standard Oil Company reap stunningly high profits for their fortunate stockholders. The holder of an original hundred dollar share of stock in the Standard Oil of Indiana, needed only to keep it and take the stock dividends to have a book value of $2,520 at the end of twenty-three years. Since dissolution in 1912 that $2,520 has yielded cash dividends of $8,220 and stock dividend increments of about $36,500. One is reminded of the Scriptural mustard seed. The other Standard Oil Companies have fared about as well. This might seem sensational if there were anything in it that we haven't all known for years. But there is not.

Is not all this merely evidence of the extreme efficiency of the Standard Oil management? There is a difference of opinion here. The La Follette report scouts the claim of efficiency. The companies are loaded down with fat salaries and maintain all manner of useless subsidiaries. For our own part, we regard the question as an open one. We do not know at what point in the industry a salary becomes wastefully fat. But we think that hardly any one will doubt that the main reason why earnings are uniformly copious is that the Standard Oil interests can fix the margin between costs and prices at their own sweet will. They can tallage and tax us at pleasure within the limits, of course, of what the traffic will bear; but in the case of a necessity of life the traffic will bear a great deal.

What does the La Follette Committee propose should be done about it? First, that all oil companies in interstate business should keep uniform accounts that will show the exact relation between costs and prices. Second, that full reports of the operations should be made to a government bureau. Third, that pipe lines be made real common carriers. Fourth, that changes be made in freight rates on petroleum products so as to permit mid-continent refineries to compete in the North Central states and the East. Fifth, prohibition or regulation of exports in the interest of conserving our domestic supplies. Sixth, prosecution of attempts at price manipulation. Seventh, an inquiry into agreements in restraint of trade. Eighth, investigation of patents in gasoline production with a view to throwing them open, so far as practicable, to competitors of the Standard Oil Companies.

The remedy lies in publicity and the revival of competition, according to the view of the Senate Committee. But alas, the experience of fifty years seems to show that competition, once down and out, never comes back. We have tried to set competition on its feet in the railway industry, among the steel manufacturers, the anthracite mines, the packers and in numerous other cases. It has gone down at the first blow. We shall have to look farther for a remedy.

Wherever we are to find the remedy, we have to begin first of all with publicity. And such publicity as the La Follette Committee recommends for

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the oil industry would answer for other industries as well. Let the oil companies report their costs and the prices of their products. Let the anthracite coal companies, the packers, the steel companies do the same. We should require every enterprise with capital sufficient to dominate a market and control prices to make public all the essential data relating to costs and prices, and the margin of profits. There is, we conceive, no legitimate place for secrecy in the operations of large aggregations of capital.

We are under no illusion that this form of publicity alone would restrain the cupidity of the monopolists. But effective publicity would represent a beginning. The next step would be to require every monopolistic corporation which advanced the price of any of its products to publish the reasons for such action. Let us say that the Standard Oil companies have decided to raise the price of gasoline two cents a gallon. Why? Because the cost of crude petroleum has gone up? Because they wish to raise wages? Because they have to build new refineries, or merely because they want to bring happiness to their shareholders? And the statement of the reasons ought to be attended by calculations as to the precise results. If it is intended to increase aggregate receipts by ten millions, in order to raise wages by one million, the discrepancy ought to stand out boldly in the report. If it is intended to raise dividends it ought to be explained why this is desirable.

But this, it may be said, would be an intolerable interference with private enterprise. Let us distinguish. It is private enterprise to mine anthracite or refine petroleum products and to sell them for what they will fetch in a really competitive market. It is not private enterprise to manipulate prices for the maximum net return in a monopoly market. That is to employ the principles of indirect taxation, properly a public function. It may be wise for us to leave this public function in private hands, just as other branches of indirect taxation were contracted out to private capitalists under the ancient régime in France. But the taxpayers certainly ought to be informed how much is to be collected from them, and what is to be done with the money.

We do not affirm that publicity, even interpreted so broadly as we have interpreted it, would put an end to monopoly extortion. Yet it would go far toward clarifying certain relations in the minds of the directors of monopolistic concerns. Those directors, like all practical men, are prone to oversimplify. They know that in the competitive enterprise of the old order, as in the vestigial small enterprise of today, the only interest a director was expected to consider was that of the stockholder. He was expected to make as much money for the stockholder as possible. Whether the latter spent it on wine or on hospitals was not the director's business. The directors of Standard Oil or United States Steel or Lehigh Valley Coal still imagine that their obligations are thus narrowly circumscribed. Once it is borne in upon them that their price manipulations are essentially taxation, and that the taxpayer has a right to know what the money goes for, they will think twice before plunging into new exactions. It will no longer seem self-evident that every possible dollar should be transferred from the consumers' pockets to the stockholders'.

But if publicity should work too tardily in broadening the views of the directors of monopoly enterprise, the public has an ultimate remedy in the replacement of those directors by representatives of its own. The public is getting winded with the exercise of chasing private monopoly around a stump. It is about ready to sit down to think. In the meantime the directors of monopoly enterprises might profitably do some thinking themselves, if they cherish the freedom and the emoluments of private management.

## Pan American Realities

THE twelfth and the twenty-fifth of March 1923 will remain notable dates in the history of Pan-American relations. It was on the twelfth that Señor Luis Angel Firpo of Buenos Aires put Mr. Bill Brennan to sleep with a rabbit-punch in the twelfth round at Madison Square Garden and made himself chief among the numerous gentlemen who want Mr. Dempsey's crown. On the twenty-fifth comes the opening of the Fifth Pan-American Conference at Santiago, Chile, attended by representatives of the United States and the Latin-American countries (except Mexico, Bolivia and Peru).

It is no mere journalistic tour de force which links these two notable events. Latin-America has long suffered an "inferiority complex" in its relations with its big Anglo-Saxon neighbor in the north. Firpo's victory sent a thrill through the hearts of his kinsmen which was only partially reflected in the wild scenes with which the news was acclaimed. Firpo has shown that it is possible for Latin America to challenge the Anglo-Saxon and win. His victory is not without significance for Uruguay, which intends to propose at the conference an association of all American nations, including the island powers—an association which would sharply challenge the comfortable notion of a hemisphere safely guarded by benignant Uncle Sam. Uruguay, again, may remember Firpo as she seeks formal endorsement of the doctrine that to encroach on one American power is to encroach on all, an idea which would certainly leave the Monroe Doctrine suspended in mid-air if it ever attained any reality.

That Latin America will call for anything so forthright and unpleasant as a plain declaration of

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our general policy seems improbable; yet the desire for such a declaration will be the basic motif of the conference. Our southern neighbors have seen our marines go into Nicaragua in 1912, into Haiti in 1915 and Santo Domingo in 1916, in which year we also purchased the Virgin Islands. They have seen our government refuse to abide by the decision of the Central American International Court in the suit protesting the treaty with Nicaragua, an action resulting in the overthrow of the first genuine international court of justice. Latin-America knows that since 1912 a Nicaraguan government has been maintained (as Elihu Root has pointed out) chiefly by the armed force of the United States. It suspects that our government had an unpleasantly close connection with the convenient revolution by which the Republic of Panama broke away from Colombia just at the moment when the Senate of the latter had refused to permit us to build the canal. It sees our continued refusal to recognize the present government of Mexico without changes in the fundamental law of that state which are regarded as an unwarrantable interference with its sovereignty.

Our failure to join the League of Nations has been a particularly sore spot. The Latin-American republics in general have been pro-League, most of such opposition as now exists having developed recently. The formal recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by the League was a bitter pill for Latin-America which nevertheless accepted it in the belief that, like other special understandings in various parts of the world, it would be liquidated as the international organization grew stronger. When the United States failed to come in, the South and Central Americans felt that they had been betrayed, and much of the good will engendered when we entered the war on the side of the Allies was dissipated.

There are some items, to be sure, on the other side of the ledger. The Central American Conference which terminated in Washington on February 7th was a signal success so far as the relations among those countries were concerned, though the deeper problems of the United States's own policy were ignored. The Guatemala-Honduras boundary dispute was referred to President Harding for settlement; a new international tribunal was created, armaments were limited, secret treaties frowned on, and a number of agreements created dealing with public health, labor conditions and agriculture. The American effort in the Tacna-Arica controversy between Chile and Peru has also made for good will; and so have the withdrawal of our troops from Santo Domingo, the arrangement with the International Committee of Bankers regarding the Mexican debt, the Pan-American Conference of Women at Baltimore and the presence of large numbers of South American students in our colleges. Yet it remains true that the United States is feared and suspected by Latin-America. Our export trade to that part of the world, which grew to large proportions during the war, dwindled as soon as it was once more possible to purchase in Europe, which still remains the South American homeland, with Paris as its spiritual capital.

Not merely for commercial reasons, but for every other it is desirable that the hostility to us which is found everywhere between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego should be cleared up. This will only be possible when we come into court with clean hands; and this in turn depends upon the development of public opinion in the United States actively hostile to the imperialistic idea, whether it be expressed through bankers' control of the islands in the Caribbean or through furtive protectorates in Central American territory because of its strategic importance for our present or some future inter-oceanic canal. It is improbable that any such unselfish attitude can be maintained by our delegation at the conference which opens Sunday; but in the long run it is the only policy which promises a real entente cordiale in the Western Hemisphere.

## Stones for Bread in Massachusetts

IT has been frequently observed in these columns that measures for the reduction and relief of unemployment are best adopted in periods of business revival. For it is under conditions of prosperity, in the first place, that business is able to pay substantial amounts into insurance funds, which become the source of unemployment benefits when business is bad. And it is in times of rising prices and expanding margins of profit that checks on the too rapid expansion of business enterprise are most effectively imposed. No doctrine is now more generally accepted among those competent to pass on such matters than that periods of unrestrained business revival pass readily into periods of speculative activity, which inevitably breed depressions and, hence, general unemployment. In spite of the force of this argument, however, there is already ample evidence that nothing will be done while we are prosperous and that the next collapse of business will find us as helpless and unprovided for as we have been in the past.

The recommendations a few weeks ago of the Massachusetts Special Commission on Unemployment Compensation and Minimum Wage are a sign of the times in this regard. In 1921 and 1922, when this country was in the throes of a severe depression and when from four to five millions were out of work, unemployment insurance bills were introduced into the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Massachusetts. The three proposals followed in general the same principles and embodied the latest and soundest ideas on the

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theory and practice of unemployment insurance. Defeat of the measure in Pennsylvania was, of course taken for granted at the outset. The bill was never reported out of Committee. In Wisconsin the Huber bill came to a vote and was defeated by the barest majority, only after it was so amended as to include agricultural workers. The Massachusetts Legislature postponed consideration of the matter by referring the whole question of unemployment and unemployment insurance to a special commission for study and recommendation.

It is the report of this commission which has now been made public. While the full report of the commission is not yet published, the newspaper releases show clearly enough that the public will receive little valuable instruction from the investigation of such bodies. In the face of all of the evidence to the contrary, the commission disposes of unemployment insurance as a relief measure. Like its predecessors inside and out of state Legislatures, it pins its faith for the solution of unemployment on measures making for the stabilization of business. At the same time, however, it does not believe that even stabilization can be achieved by legislative mandate. But it recommends that "the Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce, in conjunction with local boards of trade and Chambers of Commerce in the Commonwealth, take hold of the problem with a view to bringing about the desired result through cooperation and community effort."

The cost of unemployment insurance, the commission believes, would be "prohibitory." "Using 1921 as a typical depression year and assuming the law was in full operation providing for 13 full weeks of indemnification for unemployment for the number who it is assumed would come within its provisions, the cost is estimated at $19,000,000." Nineteen millions of dollars represent, to be sure, a substantial sum of money. But when the Commission characterized this cost as "prohibitory," it failed to take account of the equally pertinent fact that the total manufacturing payroll in Massachusetts in 1919 amounted to more than $766,000,000. The simplest kind of computation will reveal the interesting fact that $19,000,000 is less than 2.5 percent of $766,000,000. When, also, all possible corrections are made for price changes from 1919 to 1921, the percentage would still be less than four. Furthermore, whatever this percentage is in 1921, "a typical depression year," it is clear that it would be substantially smaller in years that are not typical depression years. The conclusion from all this is, then, that the cost of the proposed unemployment insurance of Massachusetts, far from being "prohibitory," is so moderate as to warrant raising both the rates of benefit and the periods of benefit payment.

In the light of this misleading statement of the burden of cost of unemployment insurance, it is not surprising that the commission should reject insurance and fall back for constructive proposals on measures that are as futile as they are old. To recommend that business men should regularize their business and that initiative in this direction should be taken by chambers of commerce and boards of trade is to pass the buck from the Legislature to the business community. Legislation on the question of unemployment would never have been proposed had there not been overwhelming evidence that private business was both unwilling and incompetent to deal with the problem itself. In this regard unemployment falls into the same category as industrial accidents, child labor, woman labor and a host of other industrial ills, which remained untouched for decades and which were only controlled when control was ordered by law. It is a pity that the Massachusetts commission has kept this important record of experience from the citizens of that commonwealth and that it has given them instead an account of the problem which will have no other effect than to lull them into a state of false and transient security.

Now that Massachusetts has dealt so severely with unemployment insurance, the only hope for constructive measures lies in a possible favorable action by the Wisconsin Legislature on the Huber bill. This bill, which was defeated two years ago, is now again before the Legislature. Although the bill has been considerably modified by the exemption from its provisions of certain types of seasonal unemployment, it still retains the essential features of a sound insurance measure. From all accounts its merits are being vigorously and intelligently debated in Wisconsin at the present time. Its passage in Wisconsin will constitute a new landmark in the history of American social legislation. For, among all the measures that have been proposed, unemployment insurance, more than any other, may be expected to deal effectively with the most baffling of all modern industrial problems.

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EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY — ROBERT MORSS LOVETT
ALVIN JOHNSON — STARK YOUNG
PHILIP LITTELL — ROBERT LITTELL

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
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BRUCE BLIVEN — DAVID FRIDAY
H. N. BRAILSFORD — R. H. TAWNEY
LEO WOLMAN

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# The War for Coal

THE first phase of the French invasion of the Ruhr is over. Its ostensible object was to get about 2¼ million tons of coal, 20,000 cubic metres of wood, and 135,000 telegraph poles which the German government had failed to deliver. This shortcoming was not denied by the German government. It was a trifle compared to the big issues connected with the demand for a moratorium and the projects for the stabilization of the mark. Nor was the failure due to the ill will of the German government, which had just paid half a million marks gold damages, in the face of violent opposition from Bavaria, for an assault which had done no damage to anybody. They regarded this demand as unjustifiable, but they did not wish to obstruct the chance of the definite financial understanding they had tried to obtain at Paris.

The real cause of the shortage in the delivery of coal lies in the fact that the Treaty of Versailles put an obligation on the German government to deliver commodities which it does not own. The main trend of the financial sections of the Treaty is really toward a "senseless socialism." Under its terms the German government is bound to expropriate the property of its citizens. So far as German property abroad (valued at 11 billion gold marks) and German ships and German cables were concerned, this was a fairly easy matter. The properties were in the hands of the Allies or could easily be got at. The German government had, of course, to pay compensations—which they did, in some cases quite fairly; but when the interests concerned were weak the government followed the law of least resistance. For instance, the owner of a thousand pound share sequestered in London, which is worth 100 million paper marks today, will receive but 80,000 paper marks or not quite one ten thousandth of its proper value.

The financial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles are perhaps the most perfect example of bad psychology the world has ever seen. Contrary to all sound experience, Germany's total liability was not fixed; it was to be settled two years after the conclusion of the Peace. In the meantime Germany was to pay five billion dollars as a pledge of her good will. If she did so successfully, she naturally had to look forward to heavy additional burdens. Carrying out her obligations would not free her—quite the contrary, it would lead her to further financial enslavement. In this way the Treaty really put a premium on financial procrastination. At the same time it killed the moral impetus to reparation, for in the German mind it was based on the breach of a solemn international obligation. Revolutionary Germany was willing to consider the restoration of the devastated areas of France and Belgium, as agreed upon in the armistice, a sacred moral obligation. But she has never looked upon the claims for pensions and separation allowances, which were forced upon her at Versailles, as other than a piece of barefaced financial extortion. The endeavor to make the clauses saddling her with the sole responsibility for the war a pretext for these demands has always been considered by her as mere sanctimonious piffle.

And this was not the end of the reparations' folly. As her would-be creditors did not care to admit finished German goods into their territories, Germany was made to pay with the most important part of her working capital, ships and cables and such raw material as coal; for at that time there was a coal famine and a shipping boom. The ships turned over were credited to her far below their value at the time she delivered them.

Notwithstanding these obstacles, Germany paid. At her own valuation she paid about nine billion dollars; at the valuation of the Allies—which fails to take account of many values handed over to them by Germany—she paid nearly two billions, or *double the amount France had paid as total indemnity after 1871*. French exports then averaged about 675 million dollars. Her total indemnity, a little less than one billion dollars, amounted to not quite 150 percent of her average yearly exports. German exports since the signing of the Peace average not quite one billion dollars. Yet the first instalment of her indemnity was two billion dollars, and she has paid in three years double the amount of her total yearly exports. And this is only the first slice! Her tot[al] liability was fixed in London at about 32 billion [dol]lars—that is the figure supposed to be in forc[e] [no]w, as the moratorium has not been renewed— about thirty times her present yearly exports, [thir]teen times her average yearly exports before th[e] [war].

Here again clear moral issues are ine[xtri]cably bound up with rather sordid business aff[airs]. It was quite right that Germany should ma[ke] the damage done to the coal mines in [Nor]thern France. But she has no sacred moral ob[ligation] to see to it that the iron-masters of Lorraine through the confiscatory measures of the Treaty, became the owners of the iron-ore created by the Germans) are enabled to get coke not by private bargains but through a set gation, stipulated in the Treaty, to be enfo[rced] of need be by military pressure. The detached in looker is sometimes inclined to see in the o[ccupa]tion of the Ruhr but a phase in the struggle cheap coke and monopolized steel. "Protec[tion]—a brilliant American said many years "is the art of doing business at a loss." The omic clauses of the Peace of Versailles, which deal

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with the coal supply to French industries, are bringing this art nearly to perfection.

From a purely business point of view the French iron-masters are in a weak position. The iron ores of Lorraine are low grade ores; they cannot be exported, but must be sent to the Ruhr or smelted locally with Ruhr coke, and Ruhr coke mainly. The iron and steel plants on the Ruhr, on the other hand, have no sufficient supply of iron ores; but they can easily be supplied with the high grade ores of Sweden and Spain. The Lorraine iron-masters are thus dependent on German coke for the smelting and the sale of their ores; the German iron-masters are not dependent on Lorraine ores either for the production of steel or for the sale of coal. An agreement between both parties is bound to come as a result of natural geographical facts. But as the French desire a control to which their economic preponderance does not entitle them, they are throwing the sword of Brennus into the scale, applying political and military pressure to the solution of a business problem. Domination, not reparation is the issue.

The outcome has been the invasion of the Ruhr, with very unexpected immediate results. The French did not get any coal. Instead of the million and a quarter tons a month they were getting before, they have barely succeeded in getting so far some 40-50,000 tons. Forty blast-furnaces have had to be put out—the work of passive resistance. Yet the majority of the German people have so far stood for a policy of carrying out the Peace Treaty in its financial aspects as well as in its political and military clauses. The fact that a small French army can march into Germany without being molested shows clearly enough that German disarmament is a fact and not a camouflage. If the French were to succeed in provoking an outbreak—a well organized army, deprived of military object, is capable of anything—it would be a rising of a disarmed people, driven to despair; there could be no battle, but merely a massacre.

The policy of carrying out so far the financial terms of an impossible Treaty has cost Germany a great deal. It has brought about the depreciation of the mark. And the depreciation of the mark has almost achieved the ruin of the German middle class, which is passing beyond the hope of resurrection. The manual workers have adapted their wages partially to the rise of prices, while the owners of real estate in the rural districts and the owners of industrial plants, though poorer in many cases than they were before the war, are, when compared to the impoverished masses, exceedingly rich. The depreciation of the mark has —too late perhaps—convinced the world of the financial folly of Versailles.

At the end of last year there was hope of a fair settlement which would bring salvation to Germany and a loan for France. At the risk of having her leaders shot—like Erzberger and Rathenau—German democracy tried hard to come to an understanding. She had to overcome the resistance of some of her industrials, who undoubtedly profited by the depreciation of the mark. But since the catastrophic downward movement of the mark coincided at nearly all levels with an act or a speech of M. Poincaré's, it really was the French government which put money in the pockets of these people, enabling them to finance handsomely the nationalistic parties. Thus they have contributed to the ruin of the German middle-class and the intellectuals, driving them into the camps of the nationalists; and they have filled the pockets of the nationalists by enriching the people who support them.

The French have counted on the antagonism between the workingmen of the Ruhr and the big industrial employers. They are quite right; this antagonism exists. The working class of the Ruhr has been intensely suspicious of some of their leaders, of Hugo Stinnes for example. They admire their strength, they distrust their motives, and they have a lurking suspicion that these German industrial leaders might be quite willing to come to terms with their French opponents if the terms were favorable. As the workingmen are mostly socialists, their outlook in theory is rather international; as they are tied to the ground, their actions are and have been national. They suspect their masters of being national in theory and extremely international in profitable business transactions. They look upon the conflict as a fight for control of their industry, but they are by no means inclined to prefer a French general, commandeering coal for the benefit of French iron-masters, who wants to wipe out German competition by political means, to their German masters whose activities provide employment for them and their brothers. They dislike German capitalists, more often perhaps in theory than in practice, but they respect them. They dislike and despise the French.

The policy of getting coal and cash at the point of the bayonet has so far failed. The Ruhr is now being severed from Germany by customs barriers. It will be possible, probably, to stop the flow of coal to unoccupied Germany. It may not be difficult to prevent the export of iron and steel goods. It may be quite easy to spread industrial dislocation and misery in unoccupied Germany. The fall of the mark, notwithstanding its wonderful recovery within the last few weeks, shows what things may come to. The outcome will be, not that the French get the coal, but that no coal will be exported, until the dumping-grounds are so crowded that production must come to a standstill; that the clockwork regulating these highly industrialized districts is stopped, and half a million men walk the streets. And what will follow?

It is easy to see that, whatever the immediate result may be, a new wave of nationalism must spread over Europe. War, under modern circum-

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stances, cannot be conducted without an appeal to national passions. And what the French are doing in the Ruhr is war, whatever it may be labelled. Even after a settlement has been reached, passions will run high; for there is no settlement possible which will spirit away the consequences of this raid.

But there is one curious and hopeful development. The German workingmen, who are bearing the brunt of that battle, are becoming intensely national. But their nationalism is curiously blended with a new morality of fighting. They realize that they are fighting military oppression and physical force with passive resistance. They know that it is their only weapon. In using it, and in using it successfully, they feel that they are fighting once again one of the world's old battles: the battle of the spirit against the sword. They are standing for the interests of their country and of their class, but they stand, too, for the rights of men.

Yet the longer the settlement is deferred, the more difficult it will be to achieve. Unless the self-interest of the German people is enlisted in an ample and speedy measure of financial reparation, Germany's capacity to pay after a fall of the mark to about 30,000 to a dollar will be nil for a long time. Is there a chance that the much vaunted "bon sens" of the French will come to the front? For there is no chance that a system of collecting debts with bayonets will ever be profitable. And it is a good thing that this system will not succeed. For if it could be shown beyond doubt that economic militarism is really a paying proposition, all the lessons of the great war would be lost to the world.

But a settlement between France and Germany can only be brought about by outside influences. If Germany were to offer reasonable terms to France, the French would refuse them, for the French would feel more than ever justified in their comfortable theory that if you apply pressure long enough, whether justified or not, you can get what you want, never mind the cost. And it is not very likely that France will learn wisdom from her failure to arrive by a short cut. For the militarists of all countries are alike in one respect: They are incapable of learning from experience. Mistakes and failures are but the forerunners of greater mistakes and more tragic failures. If no helping hand is forthcoming to lead the French policy from the quagmire into which it is sinking, the day will not be so very far off when Central Europe will be a kind of Ireland on a colossal scale, with individuals and nations bent on destruction. For if the French fail economically, as they are bound to do, they may keep an army of occupation in the heart of Germany, imagining that they can thus win security for France, while they will merely establish the certainty of a European collapse.

M. J. Bonn.

# Six Years After*

It was not the afternoon to be on deck—on the contrary. It was exactly the afternoon when there is no snugger place than a warm cabin, a warm bunk. Tucked up with a rug, a hot water bottle and a piping hot cup of tea, she would not have minded the weather in the least. But he hated cabins, hated to be inside anywhere more than was absolutely necessary. He had a pa[illegible] for keeping, as he called it, above board, espe[illegible] when he was travelling. And it wasn't surpri[illegible] considering the enormous amount of time he spent cooped up in the office. So, when he rushed away from her as soon as they got on board and came back five minutes later to say he had secured two deck chairs on the lee side and the steward was undoing the rugs, her voice through the high seal-skin collar murmured "Good": and because he was looking at her, she smiled with bright eyes and blinked quickly, as if to say, "Yes, perfectly all-right—absolutely." And she meant it.

"Then we'd better—" said he, and he tucked her hand inside his arm and began to rush her off to where their chairs stood. But she had just time to breathe, "Not so fast, Daddy, please," when he remembered too and slowed down.

Strange! They had been married twenty-eight years, and it was still an effort to him, each time, to adapt his pace to hers.

"Not cold, are you?" he asked, glancing sideways at her. Her little nose, geranium pink above the dark fur, was answer enough. But she thrust her free hand into the velvet pocket of her jacket and murmured gaily, "I shall be glad of my rug."

He pressed her tighter to his side—a quick nervous pressure. He knew, of course, that she ought to be down in the cabin; he knew that it was no afternoon for her to be sitting on deck, in this cold and raw mist, lee side or no lee side, rugs or no rugs, and he realized how she must be hating it. But he had come to believe that it really was easier for her to make these sacrifices than it was for him. Take their present case, for instance. If he had gone down to the cabin with her, he would have been miserable the whole time, and he couldn't have helped showing it. At any rate, she would have found him out. Whereas, having made up her mind to fall in with his ideas, he would have betted anybody she would even go so far as to enjoy the experience. Not because she was with-

* There is good reason to believe that this unfinished story is the last to which Katherine Mansfield set her hand. A first draft of it was written in the winter of 1921. With this she was evidently dissatisfied. Her papers show that she took it up again many times. The final version, apparently written about November 1922, breaks off abruptly at the words: "Can one do nothing for the dead? And for a long time the answer had been—Nothing!" The two final paragraphs are taken from an earlier version.

J. Middleton Murry.

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out personality of her own. Good Lord! She was absolutely brimming with it. But because . . . but here his thoughts always stopped. Here they always felt the need of a cigar, as it were. And looking at the cigar-tip, his fine blue eyes narrowed. It was a law of marriage, he supposed . . . . All the same, he always felt guilty when he asked these sacrifices of her. That was what the quick pressure meant. His being said to her being: "You do understand, don't you?" and there was an answering tremor in her fingers, "I *understand.*"

Certainly, the steward—good little chap—had done all in his power to make them comfortable. He had put up their chairs in whatever warmth there was and out of the smell. She did hope he would be tipped adequately. It was on occasions like these (and her life seemed to be full of such occasions) that she wished it was the woman who controlled the purse.

"Thank you, steward. That will do beautifully."

"Why are stewards so often delicate-looking?" she wondered, as her feet were tucked under. "This poor little chap looks as though he'd got a chest, and yet one would have thought . . . the sea air. . . ."

The button of the pigskin purse was undone. The tray was tilted. She saw sixpences, shillings, half-crowns.

"I should give him five shillings," she decided, "and tell him to buy himself a good nourishing—"

He was given a shilling, and he touched his cap and seemed genuinely grateful.

Well, it might have been worse. It might have been sixpence. It might, indeed. For at that moment Father turned towards her and said, half-apologetically, stuffing the purse back, "I gave him a shilling. I think it was worth it, don't you?"

"Oh, quite! Every bit!" said she.

. . .

It is extraordinary how peaceful it feels on a little steamer once the bustle of leaving port is over. In a quarter of an hour one might have been at sea for days. There is something almost touching, childish, in the way people submit themselves to the new conditions. They go to bed in the early afternoon, they shut their eyes and "it's night" like little children who turn the table upside down and cover themselves with the tablecloth. And those who remain on deck—they seem to be always the same, those few hardened men travellers—pause, light their pipes, stamp softly, gaze out to sea, and their voices are subdued as they walk up and down. The long-legged little girl chases after the red-cheeked boy, but soon both are captured; and the old sailor, swinging an unlighted lantern, passes and disappears . . . .

He lay back, the rug up to his chin and she saw he was breathing deeply. Sea air! If any one believed in sea air, it was he. He had the strongest faith in its tonic qualities. But the great thing was, according to him, to fill the lungs with it the moment you came on board. Otherwise, the sheer strength of it was enough to give you a chill. . . .

She gave a small chuckle, and he turned to her quickly. "What is it?"

"It's your cap," she said. "I never can get used to you in a cap. You look such a thorough burglar."

"Well, what the deuce am I to wear?" He shot up one gray eyebrow and wrinkled his nose. "It's a very good cap, too. Very fine specimen of its kind. It's got a very rich white satin lining." He paused. He declaimed as he had hundreds of times before at this stage, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

But she was thinking he really was childishly proud of the white satin lining. He would like to have taken off his cap and made her feel it. "Feel the quality!" How often had she rubbed between finger and thumb his coat, his shirt cuff, tie, sock, linen handkerchief, while he said that.

She slipped down more deeply into her chair.

And the little steamer pressed on, pitching gently, over the gray, unbroken, gently moving water, that was veiled with slanting rain.

Far out, as though idly, listlessly, gulls were flying. Now they settled on the waves, now they beat up into the rainy air, and shone against the pale sky like the lights within a pearl. They looked cold and lonely. "How lonely it will be when we have passed by," she thought. "There will be nothing but the waves and those birds and rain falling!"

She gazed through the rust-spotted railing along which big drops trembled, until suddenly she shut her lips. It was as if a warning voice inside her had said, "Don't look!"

"No, I won't," she decided. "It's too depressing, much too depressing."

But immediately, she opened her eyes and looked again. Lonely birds, water lifting, white pale sky—how were they changed?

And it seemed to her there was a presence far out there, between the sky and the water; someone very desolate and longing watched them pass and cried as if to stop them—but cried to her alone.

"Mother!"

"Don't leave me," sounded in the cry. "Don't forget me! You are forgetting me, you know you are!" And it was as though from her own breast there came the sound of childish weeping.

"My son—my precious child—it isn't true!"

*Sh!* How was it possible that she was sitting there on that quiet steamer beside Father, and at the same time she was hushing and holding a little slender boy—so pale—who had just woken out of a dreadful dream?

"I dreamed I was in a wood—somewhere far away from everybody—and I was lying down and a great blackberry vine grew over me. And I called to you—and you wouldn't come—you wouldn't come—so I had to lie there for ever."

What a terrible dream! He had always had terrible dreams. How often, years ago, when he

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was small, she had made some excuse and escaped from their friends in the dining-room or the drawing-room to come to the foot of the stairs and listen. "Mother!" And when he was asleep, his dream had journeyed with her back into the circle of lamplight; it had taken its place there like a ghost. And now—

Far more often—at all times—in all places—like now, for instance—she never settled down, she was never off her guard for a moment but she heard him. He wanted her. "I am coming as fast as I can! As fast as I can!" But the dark stairs have no ending, and the worst dream of all—the one that is always the same—goes forever and ever uncomforted.

This is anguish! How is it to be borne? Still, it is not the idea of her suffering which is unbearable—it is his. Can one do nothing for the dead? And for a long time the answer had been—Nothing.

. . . But softly without a sound the dark curtain has rolled down. There is no more to come. That is the end of the play. But it can't end like that—so suddenly. There must be more. No it's cold, it's still. There is nothing to be gained by waiting.

But—did he go back again? Or, when the war was over, did he come home for good? Surely, he will marry—later on—not for several years. Surely one day I shall remember his wedding and my first grandchild—a beautiful dark-haired boy born in the early morning—a lovely morning—spring!

"Oh, Mother, it's not fair to put these ideas into my head! Stop, Mother, stop! When I think of all I have missed, I can't bear it."

"I can't bear it!" She sits up breathing the words and tosses the dark rug away. It is colder than ever, and now the dusk is falling, falling like ash upon the pallid water.

And the little steamer, growing determined, throbbed on, pressed on, as if at the end of the journey there waited. . . .

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

# Land Feudalism in Mexico

IN the semi-arid north of Mexico are land holdings fifty miles across, the shortest way—a million, even two million, acres. In Jalisco, to the south, land is better divided than in most parts of the country. Probably no hacienda there comprises more than two hundred square miles. Yet the estate of Don Manuel, who is by no means a whale among the rural grandees of Mexico, has twice the extent of the Italian republic of San Marino!

Were you to visit him at San Gabriel, you might think yourself on one of the latifundia of Roman Africa in the time of the Emperor Augustus. Of modern democracy not a trace. Don Manuel is young and contemporary, a product of the oldest of English schools and an Oxford graduate—but he has to play the patriarch with his people. If a son is incorrigible, Don Manuel gives the scamp a serious talking to. If a peon gets drunk and beats his family, they bring the matter to Don Manuel. It is he who builds the church and pays the priest. He provides what passes for schools, as well as medicines and, in dire cases, a doctor. He puts up houses for his folk, and three-fourths of his three hundred cabins huddle near the huge mansion about the flagged patio where the amo lives when he is not in his town house in Guadalajara. The rest are on outlying ranches. Half a regiment of men work on the hacienda and its population can scarcely be less than two thousand souls.

Corn is grown on shares. The amo, who furnishes seed, implements, oxen and supplies for the peon's family, gets half. Rare is the peon who saves his half and prospers. When Juan has sold his sacks of corn, he pays for the seed and supplies which have been advanced to him, buys new clothes and goes on a spree. Soon his pockets are empty and again he calls upon his amo to let him have provisions on credit.

Wheat—the same is true of cane, barley and chick peas—requires machinery and is, moreover, a money-maker, so the amo grows it with hired labor. For this he pays twenty-two cents a day plus five quarts of corn and a weekly three-and-one-half quarts of beans. Then there is free pasturage for the peon's live stock. Here and there a share tenant gets to the point of having peons working for him. One who has undertaken one hundred and fifty acres hires the men to keep sixteen yokes of oxen moving; another has taken forty yokes.

Don Manuel owns twelve hundred yokes of oxen, but a third of them are not working on the place this season. He claims that his tenants are planting less than usual because of their fear that the land bearing their crop may be confiscated by the Agrarian Commission and handed over to some village. So far nothing has happened, but the fitting out of the one village within his hacienda with a common (ejido) would take about 1,700 acres of plow land besides rough pasture.

On the Mexican plateau the splitting up of the latifundia is in some degree hampered by the necessity of storing the run-off of the rainy season to

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succor the crops in the dry season. Across certain swales on Don Manuel's property, for instance, have been built dams creating three large reservoirs and two small ones. A big one is planned which would complete the irrigation of the plow land. It will cost $100,000 besides drowning a fine field.

This mutiplication of reservoirs saves many a crop but requires capital. In the interests of Mexican agriculture thousands of such dams should be built and thousands of fields become reservoirs. Who will do this? The state? But the state lacks the capital and practical judgment the job calls for. Cooperative credit associations of the Raiffeisen type? Most of the peons are no more ready for cooperation than Egyptian fellaheen. Their sons? Perhaps, but the education for it has not yet reached them. So water storage is a serious obstacle to the speedy conversion of the latifundia into one-family farms.

Governor Nieto of San Luis Potosi, one of the leaders in the chopping of the haciendas into small farms, admits that the proper development of agriculture in the dry part of his state calls for hundreds of reservoirs for water storage and many leagues of distributing ditches; and that this greatly adds to the difficulty of creating homesteads.

The peon cabins as usual are built on the poorest, stoniest land at hand and the little gardens of from one hundred to two hundred square yards are by no means flourishing. The adobe houses contain two to four rooms and are roofed with tile. The floor is usually earth but sometimes flag. Windows are rare, but the cabins are cheered by potted flowering plants.

Compared with some haciendas San Gabriel is a paradise for peons. In the state of Michoacan I saw a chain of low hills looking out over a vast expanse of corn losing itself in the distance. On an eminence is a hacienda house, residence of the administrator, the master living no doubt in Mexico City or Paris. Then for half a mile the scrub-clad hillside is pustuled with two hundred Lilliputian huts piled up from rocks. A man could hardly stand erect under the ridgepole. One room, dirt floor, no windows, roofed with canes, shakes or tiles. No bed save a straw mat, no covering save a serape. These habitations of men are smaller, leakier, damper and more noisome than those the master provides for his mules!

The hillside is covered with tiny patches, enclosed by high walls of stones picked up to uncover a little dirt. Here struggle hills of corn and beans, the staple food of the workers. So on this poor declivity the peons have to dig themselves in like gophers, while a stone's throw away the hacendado reserves his fertile level leagues to grow corn ten fee high!

Returning to Don Manuel, it is plain that his system is fitter to make human vegetables than to make men. Since all live in his houses and on his land, Don Manuel is master of the situation. No one to whom he objects can come upon or be upon his principality. He owns six million mescal plants and his huge distillery is not a stone's throw from his house; but if any one on the place is caught supplying liquor to his peons, off he goes. Don Manuel is not above sowing wild oats himself, but when one of his peons makes his cabin a bawdy house or a gambling den the man is evicted at once. Such paternal care for his people's morals!

The priest in the hacienda church one Sunday preached a sermon denunciatory of the master's dealings with his people, but the next day he apologized abjectly to Don Manuel and explained to his flock that he had been loco. Last year a "Bolshevist" came upon the place and began haranguing the peons under the big tree. He urged them to take the land and till it for their own benefit. Don Manuel attacked him—for an insulting remark about his family, he claims—and pursued him to the borders of the hacienda, lashing him from horseback. Presently some soldiers came, but as Don Manuel attacked him—for an insulting remark and showed fight they went away.

The peon type is timid, dependent and unprogressive. A missionary who has worked in Mexico forty years notes among the Indians, "an almost incredible apathy. Sometimes they appear as helpless as little children." Again and again he has met with disappointment in trying to introduce improvements among them, such as persuading them to pipe water to the village from a spring half a mile away, to fill up holes so that in wet weather the roads should not become a quagmire, to bridge a stream dangerous to ford. To him it is nonsense to deny that the peon element is capable of development, but his hope is in the children, not in the grown-ups.

Says a British vice-consul:

> Neither peon nor city workman have any thought of tomorrow, any instinct to save, or any desire to own land. This lack of ambition is racial. The pure Indian is absolutely unprogressive. He is stagnant, asleep, until he finds himself alongside foreigners. Then he wakes up. The masses are capable of education, but it will take generations—at least two—even if every influence were brought to bear which the ruling element is capable of applying.

It is a commonplace that if you double his wages the Mexican laborer will work for you only half as many days. Even when you lay in his lap the means of living better he will not change. A mining engineer told me:

> When I was running an American-owned mine in Chihuahua it seemed to me a shame that the miners should be living under trees and in brush huts. So I got my company, which had made 42 percent that year and was feeling cheerful, to allow me $25,000 for housing. I built sixty little two-room cabins, each with proper door, windows and floor. Well, sir, would you

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believe that by the end of a year there wasn't wood enough in those cabins for a tooth-pick? They had sold doors, windows, locks and hinges, and destroyed the floor by building their fire in the middle.

In his way of life the peon is as mobile as a graven image. A mining expert told me how he and his party prospected four weeks with a native guide. As they came to like him they repeatedly offered him their own food—bread, bacon, venison, jellies and such like. He steadily refused them all and lived on nothing but parched corn with a little brown sugar sprinkled over it.

The typical peon has no desire to stand alone and be left to look out for himself. An American who stood in high favor under Diaz recounts how, some years ago, he acquired a hacienda on which were about four hundred peons. With the place, of course, he bought the accounts against the peons which amounted to 12,000 pesos. Upon taking charge he called the peons together and told them that the work would go on as usual, but that in order to start right with them he forgave all debts from them to him. Henceforth they were legally free to leave the hacienda.

The next day to his surprise no peons appeared for work—nor the next. On inquiry he found that the peons felt that with the wiping out of their accounts they could no longer look to the master for help in trouble; so that sorrowfully they contemplated departing from the hacienda on which their forefathers had lived and died. The forgiving of their debts released them from the hacienda, it is true, but at the same time it released the hacendado from them. The master whose peons owe him nothing will the sooner rid himself of those who displease him. Hence, they were going away to seek a master who, by staking them, would restore to them their lost sense of security. When the American learned this he called his people together and announced that their accounts would be recognized as still binding. At once their forebodings left them and the life of the place resumed its wonted course. This man tells still another story to illustrate the peons' shrinking from responsibility. On either side of his hacienda he had a tract of woodland. Call these tracts A and B. He offered A to his peons on these terms: he would supply implements and seed and they should clear the land and keep the first crop, give him a third of the second, and half thereafter. Tract B was offered for sale on these terms: he would advance implements, seeds and supplies and the buyer should keep the first crop, but give him a quarter of the succeeding crops till the purchase price had been paid. The price was to be a dollar an acre. Not one peon touched tract B!

The Revolution wiped out the debts which tethered the farm laborer to the hacienda. Nor does the law now suffer non-payment of a debt to abridge the debtor's freedom of movement. But still the peon is afraid to avail himself of this new liberty. He wants a master to lean on. I have not met one American who estimates that more than a tenth of the peons are equal to farming a piece of land successfully on their own accou The more common opinion is that perhaps two or three percent might make good as independent cultivators. While all the Americans, whether hacendados or not, denounce the inherited land system and agree that the thing to do is to get the land into the hands of those who cultivate it, they put their faith without exception not in the peons but in their children, provided they receive the right kind of education.

The recent break-up of the great estates in Latvia, Esthonia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Jugoslavia, has been followed by a marked decrease in agricultural production. The exportable surplus of eastern Europe is only a twentieth of what it was and includes few breadstuffs. In the words of the correspondent of the Manchester Guardian "the peasant has come into his own but he lacks the capital to develop it, the implements to work it, and the knowledge to improve it." If this is the outcome there, what would be the outcome of the same process in Mexico? Compared with the Mexican peon the peasant who has foozled it in eastern Europe is a competent and resourceful being.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS.

[This is the first of a series of articles discussing current social and economic conditions in Mexico, where the author recently spent several months. The second will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.]

# The Walden School

IF ever you visit typical schools you have surely been struck by the remarkably pleasant impression left on you by the first grade classes. Those little tots who can't keep still for a moment, whose eyes are shining with eagerness or mischief or just life, are hard to keep out of the centre of one's attention. They are all so different; the teacher needs Argus eyes, if she is to know what is going on in the room. She has only two, but as a rule they are bright. I dare assert that a composite photograph of first grade teachers would reveal alertness, good humor and happiness, so far as these can be revealed in a type.

Now let us skip the intervening grades and attend to our impressions of the seventh and eighth. They are much less pleasant, are they not? Manifest eagerness has come to be concentrated in a few. The most look docile and mildly interested, if it is a good school. Most of them are trying honestly to live up to all reasonable expectations. A lot of nonsense has been ironed out of them and

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a lot of good sense has found lodgment. The process of education has standardized them, both in their faults and in their virtues. They have been socialized, in a sense. Listen to their voices as they leave the school at the end of the day: is there a single turn of expression or shout or peal of laughter that is a particular child's own? Standardization and the kind of socialization that goes with it may indeed be what we want in a democracy. But it is a little disheartening, just the same. The years that have increased the child's stature and mental acquirements have also taken away something that was perhaps valuable, something that made the first grade children charming and pleasant to live with.

Is this process of pruning away individual traits inevitable, whether desirable or not? A visit to the Walden School at 34 West 68th St., New York City, dispels at once any illusion that it is inevitable. The children of twelve and over carry themselves with a work-a-day seriousness that may perhaps verge on the portentous. But they are not standardized. Not a bit. If you are old fashioned in your anthropology you will surmise at once that selection has had something to do with the fact that the big children of twelve can exhibit as marked personality as the little ones of six. You will say that these children come out of particularistic families. That may be true. And yet a very little study will convince you that the explanation of the survival of personality lies elsewhere. It lies in the method of instruction and the idea behind it.

If there is one idea more potent than all the rest in our conventional scheme of bringing up children, it is the idea that has been compressed into the copy book maxim, "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." The maxim, as every one who knows trees would agree, is pure nature faking. Bend the shoot in one direction and the tree will be more likely than not to incline in the other direction. What is still more to the point, a shoot that has been bent is very unlikely to grow up into a vigorous and shapely tree. Acting on the maxim, a parent who has caught his child in a lie proceeds boldly to the bending and is likely to succeed in endowing the lie with a value and a seductive power which it could never have acquired otherwise. We proceed in the same way, at home and in school, to bend the human shoot away from idleness, inattention, inaccuracy, from wrong attitudes towards social relations and sex. And the result is that we have an adult forest in which no one needs to look far for ox bows and ships' knees. In founding the Children's School, now known as the Walden School, Miss Margaret Naumberg had the courage and insight to build upon a wholly different idea. She did not set out to bend the twig, but to give it a chance to grow straight. And because much of the mischief of the current practice of upbringing is done in the years before school age, she began with her children at two, and intends to begin at six months.

The children must have a chance to grow straight. This means that self-expression and self-direction must be the basis of the educational scheme. As human life is fundamentally social, self-expression must run in social terms. What the Walden School attempts to do, and in remarkable measure succeeds in doing, is to create conditions in which each child, following out his own natural interests, spontaneously associates himself with fellow pupils and teachers. The object is not personal adaptation merely, such as we all seek through conformity, but personal growth through adaptation. Those who have been trained according to Miss Naumberg's scheme will be more disposed to engage in active cooperation with their fellows than to hold aloof from common enterprise while paying the price of superficial conformity.

Naturally there is no room in Miss Naumberg's scheme of instruction for the textbook, the set task, the rigid standard. From the youngest child in the school to the oldest, a wide field is kept open for individual interest and personal choice. Work and play are woven together, and the teacher's part is the same in one as in the other, that of moderator to restrain the excesses of conflicting personalities, of expert in determining uncertain values, of guide through intricacies encountered by immature minds. The Walden teacher often leads but never drives. The child must want to be led before the teacher's function can be exercised.

But is not discipline one of the most important of educational objects, and is not discipline won through doing the hard, disagreeable thing? Certainly. But there are two ways of getting a child to do the disagreeable thing. One way is to drive him through it. The other way is to make the child so that the disagreeable thing is something that must be surmounted before an end which he regards as desirable can be achieved. A civics class in the Walden School sets out to discuss the food question. That is a question which is inherently interesting to them. But before they get through with it they will have had to spend a great many hours looking up facts of economic geography, statistics, technology, etc. In examining the stenographic notes covering the work of the classes one is especially impressed by two things, the courage of the teacher in permitting the work to take its own course under the collective impulse of the children's interest, and the tenacity of the children in mastering material they could never have been driven through if its relation to their main interest had not been clearly visible to them.

The Walden School children discipline themselves in their work. They discipline each other in their collective activities. The long winded child who brings in an irrelevant anecdote has a chance to learn that he is boring his fellows and that boring does not pay. The child who makes an ex-

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hibition of prejudices quickly discovers how seriously he handicaps himself in trying to make his just opinions tell. The impression created by the Walden School, both upon the chance visitor and upon the student of its stenographic reports, is that of an exceptionally well disciplined institution. But the discipline is like that of free adult life, not like that of the conscript who, it may be remarked incidentally, compensates himself for the goose step by going on the loose when occasion offers.

The Walden School does not take for its objective a specific quantum of scholastic performance. In its adjustment to the life of the community it recognizes the necessity of keeping its pupils up to the standard of ordinary schools in the usual scholastic subjects. It finds no difficulty in meeting this requirement and bettering it. Many of the pupils will enter college, and the school is prepared to see that they pass the entrance examinations on a parity with other students of their own age. The school is ready to pay to Caesar in full the things that are Caesar's. But this payment is not its reason for existence. The school exists to discover the means by which education may work toward a fulfillment of the child's personality instead of toward standardizing it by mutilation. It seeks to effect the adjustment of the individual to society not through producing a sense of subordination and docility, but through creating a habit of accommodation. We shall need to see what sort of account the pupils give of themselves in adult life before we can say that it has fully achieved these ends.

But in the meantime it is safe to say that the work of the school is all to the good. I have never seen a body of school children who exhibited so spontaneous and wholesome an interest in their work. There is no doubt that a high order of personal initiative is being developed here, especially in the direction of art, language, practical ethics and social science. The school does not have the endowment it needs and deserves and consequently it lacks facilities for carrying out all the corollaries of its ideas. It does not have adequate arrangements for cultivating the disposition toward solitary grappling with a problem that would serve as a correlative of group study. I wish the school could afford a number of little studies or laboratories where the pupil could from time to time shut himself up and worry out his problem by himself, undisturbed by irrelevant suggestion or good advice. That too would be fulfillment of personality. I should like to see the number of students doubled and the teaching and administrative personnel increased threefold in order to give a broader basis of study and to make possible a closer analysis of results.

An institution like the Walden School cannot produce administrative results that may be lifted bodily and given general application. Its relation to the public school system is comparable to the relation of the laboratory of pure science to the industrial laboratory. It must have freedom to develop according to its own principles and it cannot look narrowly to the matter of expense. Such enterprise cannot be made to pay, in immediate cash receipts. But from a public point of view it is difficult to conceive of a form of enterprise that could pay better. It is just such experiments that will teach us how to bring up our children adapted to social life without having been subjected to the mutilations and distortions that make social life barren and diseased.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

# Creative Criticism

FROM many quarters this season, criticism, highly creative, has made us future Duses. The list of young ladies yet untried but promising and fair, with talents and sincerities that guarantee great art some day, began with the first weeks of the autumn. It can do no harm, then, to turn to the less ravishing sex and talk about Mr. Dwight Frye. Mr. Frye is not a Salvini yet or Kachalov or Mounet Sully, and may or may not ever be a fine artist. But he is a new light nevertheless.

Mr. Frye has played four parts this season. He was the burglar's son in the Barzini farce and played it well as low comedy, drolly and broadly, and with a good, impish satire of his own on the aesthetic emotions in general. In Six Characters in Search of an Author Mr. Frye's performance of the older son proves to be, out of several most admirable, the one that stands out now, with the lapse of time, as the best. With fine economy of method he created the boy's strange mixture of passionate aloofness from the events around him and his hypnotized powerlessness to escape them. In Rita Coventry Mr. Frye walked away with the whole piece; he played the piano tuner who turned out to be a composer and married the prima donna, with a pathos, a whimsicality, an innocent passion, and a gentle, strong character resting in a sense of beauty, that were, so far as they went, beautifully and securely conveyed, without a false moment or a loose detail. And now in The Love Habit at the Bijou Theatre he plays a cabaret dancer and gambler not yet with enough heightening and extravagant clarity for really distinguished farce acting but extremely well nevertheless.

So far Mr. Frye has played no very flexible or expressive or poetic or flamboyant part. His effects are sound and right but up to this time his parts have been such that he has been able to work within a controlled method and to register everything necessary by a shrewd selection and restraint and by an ability to take his time and to keep up a steady focus throughout. Outside these reserved limits there has been no technical strain put upon his powers. But his achievement though still not very large, is sound, it is solid and infectious and full of possibilities. And as a whole it reassures by its certainty of staying in the realm of acting. Mr. Frye is certain to state the whole rôle in terms of his art; he never wabbles from acting to casual naturalness and back again, as most actors do, but makes it clear from the moment he enters that what he will do will be all of a piece and will be acted. He is always an actor. And so far as he has yet reached, Mr. Frye has been an artist.

Such an actor, beginning like this, and being judged

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thus, might very well say to his critic that where so much critical opinion is aired, some advice might well be in order. He would have a right indeed to demand that.

Very well then, I should say to him, Mr. Dwight Frye, in the first place it is an exciting thing to be embarking on a chance of being an important artist, for most actors the question of that does not even come up. And that chance at being an artist means for you dreams and technique to express them, it means becoming more and more of a person within oneself and creating more and more out of oneself, it means work, life and a long vista. Without any of this you can, obviously, be a dear fellow, with no style, no English, no anything very much but an equality with the folks out there in the audience. And that would be very nice. It is clear already that you could be a popular player on Broadway, or could pin yourself quite triumphantly to one or two parts, play them for years, and have your following and your reward. A safe, fat, well buttered dream for you. But we were talking of being an artist.

Granting then your sensitiveness, which already shows, your musical insight, and careful attention and astonishing evenness of execution, we will begin with your natural means toward your art, that is to say with your body, your voice, your diction.

You are not a collar advertisement in manly beauty but rather underheight and irregular. Your voice at present is slight and not very resonant, though it shows a good ear. Your English, immensely improved in two months, is still too closed, the r is still bad where the stress falls on it, many of your vowels are impure; the tempo is right for the dramatic feeling but tends to be fast. But these are not finalities. Lekain, for one example, was short and, what's worse, stocky in build, his voice thick and harsh, and his elocution violent and spasmodic. And yet Lekain became the greatest actor in France, extolled by Garrick, adored by Talma. What carries farthest in the end is craft, style, idea. So that you will have to study how to make yourself look long or short as the need may be. You will have to get your lips more flexible and open, and your English more exact and elegant. And your voice can be trained to be rounder and richer and can be placed farther forward in the mouth. Your hands are undersized; that can be counted in as a detail for some characters; for others the right gestures or the right gloves will get your effect. Your profile is a better convention in mere good looks than your full face is, and you will calculate on the use of that fact. And you can learn the art of make-up. Not what is called make-up on Broadway; most of the actors there have no idea of make-up beyond that of merely outlining their features—take the Theatre Guild make-ups for instance, the circus people in He Who Gets Slapped looked like boys and girls taken out of tea rooms and studios and given a dab of rouge and pencil, the Guild old men are always absurd—but make-up that is an art, an expression of what the artist sees about him, a fine style that can determine the character as near or far, as intimate or remote and superb. You will, then, have to study your face, your hands, your eyes, your body's lines, your voice, and make infinite variations on them. If you do this, Mr. Dwight Frye, you will, of course, not be a hundred *percent Pullman car citizen.* There is plainly, we all know, something insincere about it among good fellows, and why not be natural? Why not indeed? Because we have so many big fine fellows that what we need is a few artists. Your business is to be an artist, to regard yourself when it comes to the last scratch not as man but as a medium, a canvas, an instrument for the expression of the infinite meanings of life. Never let your audience take you as yourself merely because they like you. You yourself decide their relation to you. Make them take what is the immortal part of you, your idea—whatever it may chance to be—for its distinction, style, truth.

This technical adequacy, this reduction of your natural means to the will of your ideas, is indispensable. But you will have to possess the ideas. And these you will perfect not only through books, people and the theatre but also by looking at pictures and especially at statues to learn what lines and what images formed of the human body have attained a lasting and final beauty and persuasion. You will need to hear music, to know poetry; and the forms of dancing and architecture will give you patterns and plastic moods that will pass into your art. For the poor dear actor's art involves all the others.

And you will need to have the courage not to be spoiled by people's telling you how good you are, obviously if you were not better than most actors you would be nothing at all. You must have courage not to become a star too soon—it will not tempt you overwhelmingly perhaps, since stars now are a part of the Broadway uniform as pearl beads are of the Fifth Avenue, and the starriness is often a very personal affair indeed—for you may be able to play a short rôle or a scene very well indeed long before you have the technical endurance to last through a longer effort, long before you get your technique strong enough to sustain a lengthy performance or a run of weeks and months. And you will need to see that your rôles vary. You must manage to alternate, playing now comedy, now farce, now realistic tragedy, whenever possible, not failing to make a chance for yourself in poetic drama, since it is in that that you will find your best road toward the achievement of a radiant and enveloping imagination and a precise and poignant significance as an interpreter of life.

Out of the score of other things yet to be said to a man headed toward becoming an important artist, there are two at least that I should want to say to Mr. Dwight Frye, bitter, relentless, dear facts that he can confront now. First this: an artist by the very definition of him is a man who pays as he goes. For him there can be no experience that has not its bite, that by his response to it he will not pay for out of the life in him. He perpetually gives back to life what he puts into it. The sting and thrust of beauty—which men admire but by an odd irony avoid in order to be more easy with the second-rate—will take its count of him. What nourishes, consumes him.

For the second point: the artist can expect in the end, however fine his outward success has been—no great happiness. He can at most possess what Guido Cavalcanti meant when he wrote

non a diletto ma consideranza

not the delight but the considering. The artist knows that for him the only satisfaction that can come will be translation of what has been beautiful in his life into a kind of beauty of order and recognition. In time there may be created for him something of thought and harmony that can be endured, and that will bring in time its own compensation and idea, and will give him the sense of a poetry in life, however terrible and intense and intolerable the moments themselves out of which life builds itself have been. He knows that for him always there is no solution of anything. Never an end, but always life as a restless deep dream, with only the long line of the soul's days t make it possible to bear. And in a way this, more th to other men, is the artist's peace.

STARK YOUNG.

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# Hilaire Belloc

In England we commonly think of Belloc and Chesterton as the halves of one rather stupendous whole. New York has effectually separated them. Two years ago when Belloc's companion-in-arms appeared, every newspaper eye was alight and every pen sharpened. The city's unequalled company of journalistic causeurs made a happy occasion of Chesterton's first lecture; but for Belloc's, on a recent winter evening, they did nothing. In the visible seats I saw not even a scout from the Three-Hours-for-Lunch Club. Nor, curiously, was any attempt made in New York to repeat the impressive welcome that had been arranged by the Hierarchy in Boston, where the Cardinal acclaimed Hilaire Belloc as "the greatest lay Catholic mind." All alone at the reading-desk of Carnegie Hall, in a marvellous evening suit, stood the writer, fighter, and wit to whom we owe the Path to Rome and Caliban's Guide to Letters and a score of provocative essays in other fields. Alone by his own choice, no doubt; but to me he looked unmistakably like a feller needing a friend. The "high emphatic tenor," as one admirer calls it, has an exotic sound by reason of the quaint insistent semi-French r's. And the sentences have literally a kick in them, for the speaker has an amusing way of making his point with a vicious rearward action of the leg.

It was to my mind an accomplished performance: technically, I dare say, as good a discourse as any heard in New York for years from an English man of letters. It was simply and solidly built: the structural preparation complete; the expression, I should judge, spontaneous—which is my notion of the right method in lecturing.

Our civilization, said Belloc, is in the gravest peril, a peril accelerated but not created by the war. Its ruin may be imminent, but Europe in the past has survived greater dangers—for example, the shock of the Asiatic invasions and the break-up of the Roman organization. What we have to preserve is nothing less than the most precious, the most miraculous achievement of mankind, especially in the arts of self-expression; and, characteristically, the lecturer named the Winged Victory of Samothrace and a statuette on Trèves cathedral, together with "the whole range of European verse from the Homeric hymns to John Keats, or perhaps Verlaine." As the basis and condition of this wondrous product he sees the phenomenon of Nationalism: essential and eternal, its high differentiation an ultimate value and strength. "You could not have Keats without England; you could not have Yeats without Ireland." And yet there are some among us who devise schemes of a unified non-national Europe. That is the position of H. G. Wells. "But if Wells had seen Paris a little earlier in his lifetime, or had ever learned the Greek alphabet—not a very difficult thing to do—he would not talk such nonsense." Here came the first laugh and handclap, which encouraged Belloc towards his first proposition—namely, that among these contending national units, "peace, which is an urgent necessity, must be absolutely imposed: it can never be reached by agreement." I for one rejoiced to note that the enunciation of this monstrous doctrine was received in faultless silence, and that the silence was not broken when Belloc went on to affirm that what he was giving was not a personal opinion but the judgment of "all those peoples that are part of the ancient European tradition, including the best of England!" [When, shortly afterwards, he repeated this in Montreal, the Principal of McGill University stated in a few hard words how hideous it sounded in Quebec.]

Belloc went on to an exposition of the threefold menace to civilization: (1), the general revolt against government; (2), the war between capital and labor; (3), the conflict of faith and moral ideal. As to the first, the revolt is strongest, said he, in those countries which possess the most developed forms of what is called representative government. Parliaments are infinitely more hated than any dynasty that ever existed, and he foreshadowed a tempest of popular wrath amid which our houses of palaver will be swept away. As to the second menace: our capitalist system was sick before the war. Now it is dying; the old forms are gone—a statement sharply agreed to by a large section of Mr. Belloc's markedly conservative audience. When, as now, he explained, capitalism has accepted the expedient of Doles, that is the obligation to keep alive the serfs whom it cannot employ, "the mainspring of capitalism has gone." But war and revolution, in hastening this end, have achieved a mighty and beneficent change. In all healthy and stable societies the peasant is master. And today, in Russia and South-eastern Europe, in Poland, Ireland, and Catholic Germany, the peasant has come into his own. Depreciated currencies, ruinous to the industrial cities, have enriched the peasant. "He has paid off the usurer, or as we now say, the banker. And the only country of which this good news is not true is my own country, England, where there is no peasantry, because we killed it."

From this triumphant Bellocian point we were led on to a consideration of the third peril—the conflict of faiths, the spiritual disharmony of Europe. Three religions, that is three cultures, divide the continent: the Greek Orthodox, heavily weakened by the fall of the Tsardom; the Protestant, shot through with doctrinal dissent and every form of scepticism; the Catholic, enhanced in power, we were told, by the war. But there is scepticism in the Catholic lands? Not a bit of it! In the last century the Church had met and overcome every imaginable doubt and challenge. Europe therefore must achieve spiritual unity: of course, and under the faith. That might be the saving of our civilization, that and nothing else. Without it, the European tradition was doomed, perhaps to survival in a small area by the Mediterranean. Mr. Belloc closed with a brief statement of the problem of revived Islam. The Moslem world is once more a vast unity, stretching from the Atlantic to the China Sea and rapidly conquering black Africa. History seems to show that it cannot be overthrown by arms, or interpenetrated by Christianity. What then is the inference? That the Power which shows itself capable of making and maintaining peace and friendship with Islam will be the master of Europe.

As the audience dispersed I heard puzzled comments, especially upon the final passage. Even to that audience so unexpected a conclusion to a purely French manifesto may well have seemed a trifle far-fetched. Russia, after all, is there, not to speak of England. But I, for my part, was thinking of other things. I wondered what place, in a Europe such as Belloc had sketched, there would be for the Wingless Victory or poor Verlaine—or, indeed, for France herself when Poincaré and l'Action Française have done with her. I could guess without much difficulty what would happen to Belloc and his friends, who know not England, if they should ever try to take the House of Commons away from the English people. And I saw the immeasurable horror of Europe, with its myriads dying under the iniquity and insanity of a peace imposed. After all, a man of genius may be so fortunate as to see Paris in infancy and still, at fifty, not be very wise.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

## Shall We Join the League of Nations?

SIR: At a moment when there is an unmistakable veering of American public opinion towards some measure of participation in the League of Nations, Professor John Dewey (in the New Republic, March 7th) lends the weight of his great name and influence to the opposition to that project, and apparently also to the opposition to "any specific move toward international cooperation on our part" at the present time. What, however, is the weight of the arguments which he presents in justification of his conclusion?

Mr. Dewey has observed that the League is not, and is never likely to be, so pure and holy a thing as its more exuberant advocates have imagined. The member states have not been suddenly purged of their national ambitions or their national animosities. "Every contending group in Europe" can be found represented in the Assembly at Geneva; its sessions are not free from open friction and secret faction and intrigue. They are, in short, not without a family likeness to sessions of Congress. The League, moreover, lacks power; some (Mr. Dewey with obvious rhetorical exaggeration says "all") of the "important post-war questions" are not in its hands but in those of commissions officially committed to the enforcement of the Versailles Treaty. Two of the largest European states are still excluded from membership; so that the League is not at present truly comprehensive or representative.

All these observations are true; but they are not conclusive of, they for the most part are hardly even relevant to, the main issue. That issue resolves itself into three entirely definite and searchingly practical questions: 1. Does the existence of the League have, or can it be made to have, any appreciable tendency to diminish the likelihood of war in Europe? 2. Would America's participation in the League strengthen such a tendency? 3. If so, would this advantage be more than offset by incidental dangers to interests more important (if, indeed, there be interests more important) than European peace? These questions, like all the real issues of public policy, are quantitative problems of profit and loss, of relative advantage and disadvantage. Instead of facing these essential questions, and attempting a balanced estimate of the probable consequences of both alternatives, Mr. Dewey for the most part contents himself with pointing out certain imperfections and limitations of the present League, of the governments represented in it, and of the American character. In part, indeed, he descends to pure caricature. "The notion that we have but to offer ourselves as universal arbiter—and paymaster—and all will be well is," he remarks, "childish in the extreme." Of course it is; but who with any experience in human affairs imagines that "all will be well" in consequence of the establishment of any organization whatever? The question is whether, by means of the League, some things can be made somewhat better, whether a particular danger—the gravest danger that ever threatened Europe—can be, not suddenly and completely eliminated, but rendered sensibly and perhaps progressively less acute. Mr. Dewey has taken the visions of the naïf supporters of the League; he has exaggerated these; and finding that the reality does not and can correspond to the exigent ideal thus generated, he bids have nothing to do with the contrivance.

No doubt the easy and casual manner of Mr. D reasoning on this grave matter is largely due to his ed assumption that belief in the possible utility of the can arise only from "emotions not readily amenable ment." This is an interesting illustration (m cidentally remark?) of the way in which the psychology" has simplified the practice of public Nowadays, if you find (as of course you always that the opinions of those with whom you disagree a attended by feeling, you conclude that they can have no other basis than feeling; hence that the arguments offered are mere "rationalizations"; hence that they need not be very seriously examined, and that you need not be too meticulously logical in replying to them. (It is, to be sure, requisite also to assume that your own beliefs are pure products of detached intelligence, a point for which the new psychology has perhaps insufficiently provided.) Professor Dewey thus easily disposes of the ostensibly reasoned belief of such emotional persons as Chief Justice Taft, ex-President Eliot, President Lowell, Professor Gilbert Murray, Viscount Grey, and Lord Robert Cecil. To the familiar and definite arguments of these and other writers, which purport to show that the League, however touched with human imperfection, can exercise a potent stabilizing influence in Europe, and with American participation could do so to a still greater degree, he gives no attention whatever—nor yet to the plain facts that the League has already achieved a pacific settlement of three exceedingly dangerous controversies, has protected Albania against an invasion which threatened to precipitate a new Balkan war, is even now saving Austria from economic collapse, and has, by Mr. Hughes's admission, provided the only possible machinery for the maintenance of a permanent court of international justice. In short, upon what I have mentioned as the first of the essential questions, Professor Dewey presents no argument at all. Yet this first question is all but decisive. If it be true that the League genuinely tends—and if further strengthened would more powerfully tend—to promote European peace, the presumption in favor of American participation becomes almost overwhelming. And the remaining questions can be properly discussed only in connection with this presumption.

Upon the matter of American participation, however considered apart from the primary question from whi it is in reality inseparable, Mr. Dewey does present certa arguments. If, he asks, we are to "cooperate," with whom and to what end are we to cooperate? The answer, surely is easy; we are to cooperate with the other member state for the ends, and only for the ends, set forth in the Co nant. But, it is objected, the present members have dif re ing views and often pursue conflicting aims; and in pon tice we should, on each specific issue, be obliged to

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operate with some one group against some other—for example, either with "France or her satellites" or with Great Britain, in their conflicting views about the amount of reparations. (Mr. Dewey has elsewhere, it will be remembered, told us that "none of the important post-war questions are in the hands of the League.") It is true enough that the necessity of sometimes taking sides is unescapably inherent to any human organization yet invented. But the individual who keeps out of all organizations, lest he be compelled to vote against the views of someone else, is unlikely to play much of a rôle in the shaping of events; and the same is true of a country which is deterred from taking part in the counsels of the nations by the undeniable and unfortunately regrettable fact that those counsels are not unanimous. The real question, however, is whether the matters dealt with by this particular organization are within the responsibility and concern our interests; if they are, it is our manifest business to join, and to cooperate with those who will cooperate with us for the measures which seem to them and us contributory to the world's peace and order.

But Mr. Dewey further objects to American participation on the apparent ground that we are not fit for it and have nothing of value to contribute. "We are ignorant, inexperienced, governed by emotion rather than by information and insight." "Who," then, "are we that we should serve in such a capacity?" Here again Mr. Dewey falls into the impossibilist vein, into the besetting futility of the moral idealist. Since we Americans are very faulty mortals, he apparently argues, we ought to avoid assuming responsibilities in international affairs. The answer to this is that though we are doubtless much like other people, we after all are people; that, moreover, we happen to be the most powerful and most secure nation in the world; that we are little involved in the hereditary animosities of European nations and could therefore bring a greater detachment to the deliberations of the League; and that, as a demonstrable matter of fact, we have in the past shown more zeal than any other nation for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. National humility is an excellent thing, but not when it reaches the point of national abulia. To Mr. Dewey's assertion of our unfitness to play any useful part in the general council of the world may be opposed the remark of a judicious student of contemporary politics who, as it happens, is not of American birth or education. Professor W. B. Munro, writing in the current Atlantic, says of the Washington Conference that "it demonstrated, so far as such a thing is susceptible of demonstration, that an international consensus on even the most important questions affecting the peace of mankind is possible only under one condition; namely, that America is ready to supply the initiative and the guidance. It is apparently not within the range of possibilities under any other condition." If this is even an approximation to the truth, the opportunity of the United States is great; its obligation is plain; and the consequences of its refusal to play its part in the chief business now confronting mankind may be, and are likely to be, disastrous beyond measure.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY.

Baltimore, Maryland.

## A Reply from Mr. Dewey

SIR: Mr. Lovejoy has combined two issues raised in my article, one the main point, the other referred to incidentally, and in one paragraph. The matter I was mainly discussing was the tone and temper, moral and intellectual, of the current arguments in behalf of our joining the League. The other point is the objective merits of the League. In combining the two he has failed, as far as I can see, to get such force as my article may have had, and accordingly failed to refute its contention.

It is an intelligible proposition that, even if the League had claims upon this country which personally I do not believe it has, the purposes of our entrance into it might be compromised and even frustrated by the mental and moral state of mind, in Europe and in this country, that attended our going in. No thoughtful person will now deny, I suppose, that the reasons which governed a small group in this country in leading them to advocate our entering into the late war were not shared by the mass of people in this country before or after we went in, and were very different to those which animated the ruling statesmen of our Allies in desiring to get us in. The result was when the war aims were gained, the peace aims were lost. The present seems to me closely to parallel the former situation. For one I have no desire to see the mistake repeated.

Take the European side of the state of mind. Piously speaking, the ruling statesmen of Europe, of course, do not wish war. But neither do they wish to avoid it enough to lead them to reduce armaments, balance budgets, straighten out their affairs, and try to create a decently stable and amicable Europe. Under these circumstances, I submit that we should distrust the motives of some of the Europeans who are anxious to have us get into their politics. They want us now for the same reason that they wanted us during the war—to add power to *their* policies. There are others of whom this is not true; they are desperate because they realize the desperate state of Europe. We are entitled, however, to discount their desire until Europe shows some evidence that it is coming to their point of view. In any case they are naturally—and quite properly—looking at the matter from the standpoint of Europe. What happens to us in case our entrance makes things no better is not their affair. But it *is* our affair.

A Europe which is divided against itself on every important issue is not a Europe in which we are likely to reduce appreciably the risk of war, and it is a Europe in which we intervene at our own peril, at the peril of becoming entangled in the old problems of the balance—that is, the preponderance—of power. It is perhaps irrelevant to the present writing, but I think it is time that we told the European propagandists who are lecturing us both on our morality and our own best interests that they have a more pressing field of labor in both these respects at home.

These considerations would hold good, even if the American people were prepared to assume the responsibilities urged upon us. The dangers of our entrance would still be enormous. But when we are divided in sentiment and sympathy, when we have no worked-out policy shared by any large number of even the more intelligent part of our electorate, when we are ignorant and unexperienced in foreign affairs, it appears to many of us to be more than

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dangerous: to be gratuitous folly. The light tone in which Mr. Lovejoy speaks of the historic antagonisms of European policies is a confirmation.

As for the merits of the League upon which point the article spoke only briefly: In any case, it is necessary to distinguish between such merits as the League may have for European countries and merits of such transcendent character as to demand our entering it. One may wish it well for Europe and rejoice, with Mr. Lovejoy, in every stabilizing influence it may exert. Admit all the claims for its accomplishments that Mr. Lovejoy has made, and there is still no reason given why *we* should enter into it. But even as a European affair certain main facts stand out.

(1) It is tied up with the Treaty at Versailles; hardly a clause in it is free from entanglement with the iniquities of that Treaty. And its constitution cannot be changed without a unanimous vote. If we can do anything to mitigate these evils, let us do it. But we assuredly can do more while we are free than after we have tied our hands by joining the League. If we can do nothing now, we could do less than nothing then.

(2) The war-breeding issues in Europe are obviously reparations, the Ruhr, and the Near Eastern question. None of these questions has been touched by the League. The judgment of "neutral" nations is most distinctly not wanted. When we are told that Europe wants and will welcome our "initiative and guidance," we wish to know when the age of miracles returned.

(3) France, the dominant nation on the continent, has never disguised her scepticism about the League. She affords a striking example of the fact that the old policies and the old type of politicians are still absolutely in control. But suppose we turn to Great Britain from which now proceeds the most active propaganda for our joining. It can escape the attention of no one that the British no longer speak of American cooperation. "American intervention" is now the uniform phrase. It has the merit of honesty.

(4) The League is *not* honestly named. It is a League of governments pure and simple. Mr. Lovejoy calls my attention to the article by Mr. Munro in the Atlantic Monthly. I am glad to reciprocate and call his attention to that of Mr. Jacks in the same periodical.

Mr. Lovejoy has raised one point upon which I should like to say an added word—the permanent court of international justice. The resolution of Senator Borah was before the Senate before President Harding and Secretary Hughes moved. That resolution calls for a court with "affirmative jurisdiction" and a court based upon a codification of International Law which makes war a public crime.

It also provides for adopting and adapting any existing machinery as far as that carries out in part the idea of the resolution. Here is a practicable measure of union of the forces of peace for cooperation. The existing court has no independent jurisdiction; worse than that it is based on an international law which legitimizes war as a final resort. As far as I know no one has answered the argument of Senator Knox showing that the constitution of the present League makes war permissible in six cases and mandatory in three others. And this is offered us as the only road to peace! I am confident that mere partisanship will not prevent sincere lovers of peace from getting behind the proposals of Senator Borah.

New York City. JOHN DEWEY.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Letters from Bartolomeo Vanzetti

SIR: Bartolomeo Vanzetti facing death in the electric c for a crime of which, in my judgment, he is as innoce I am, lives in the world of the intellect although his bo imprisoned by massive walls and steel bars. He recentl me a translation he has made from an Italian writing he thought particularly beautiful, and which I returned t with criticisms which I afterward felt were unkindly s This called forth two letters from him which, quaintly pl as they are, bear striking evidence as to the realm in he finds his being. He writes:

"Your welcome letter of the 27th Feb. was receive delay in answering was due to causes indipendent to r I was very beneficiated by your last visit and Englis! In a letter received tonigh, one Friend tells me that lish is not perfect. I am still laughing for such a phension. Why do not say horrible? Nevertheles made a better translation than the one in argumer it as I did for an experiment, to prove if an almost translation is intelligible. I sow it to some friends, as them if they understand it. The answer was "yes," while it must have been "no," that I might have remade the work which much profit and better result. Of course, as the writing is beautiful in its original, and as a labored very much at the dictionary, so I was thinking to have accomplished something worth, and the disillution was, as almost all disillution, rather cruel. But when a poor one is surrounded by many great difficulties, the small ones appear always a joke to him, and after your visit I found myself in the best of the mood,—that is, I was decided to do in the future as much more good than the much bad I did in the past. . . ."

*In another letter Vanzetti writes:*

"Did you have read the Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution recently edicted by our dear Alice Stone Blackwell? It is a mast work.

"Last evening I have finished the lecture of (James's) Psychology. I have learnt something very useful from it. The beauty of language and style, the vast knowledge that its author had concentrated in it, had give me a great intellectual pleasure—which for hours has made me forget myself, the cell, and the other sorrowy things.

"I am reading an English prose translation of Gitanzaly by Rabimbranath Tagore. Excep the beauty of language, the wonderful style and grammatical correctness, there is nothing new, nothing of unknown in it. Of course, great sentiments, sensibility; a liric panteistic feeling of the great mystery of which we are part. But nothing else. I value more the natural sciences that give us little but positive knowledge—which leads better than anything else before the great hepic wrote in every square inch of the universe. Emotions and sentiments are surely a really part—maibe the greatest part of life, but too often, when alone, they lead mankind astray. Not a word in all these Tagore's beautiful poetries about social problems. Maibe a remote, so to say, incitation to freedom. But what one? He do not mentions it. So his words maibe use by the Indian Patriots to exate the Indian masses against the actual, principal oppressor: England. But it would be a useless consummation, for India, with her cast of nobles and of priests, is simply criminal. Nor her people will injoy peace and health before to annichilate this great social injustice and shame.

"Otherwise we Italians know from tragic experiences what has blooms the Fatherland Indipendence. After half century of such a bless, we are now facing this terrible dilemma or trough down every things and re-build upon others bases, or die. I suppose that you are informed of the present conditions of my native land. I knew the ditails, there are horrible.

"I am sorry for Nick (Sacco). After a serious consideration I decide to not do the hunger strike now, although I am convinced that, before the pure reason he his right, and I am ready to recur at the hungry strike if and when it would seem reasonable to me.

"Today the sun is glorious, and my cell more lighten and my heart more glad than the usual. The same I hope of and wish to you."

I am sure that many among your readers will be interested in these words written from a prison cell.

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

Boston.

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# Books and Things

GIVEN an author whom you like, and a book of his which is easy to read, and which makes you like him less, are you glad or sorry to have read it? If you are glad, your gladness is not necessarily malicious. In youth I was unduly influenced by George Eliot, who kept me on moral tenter-hooks during several months, imprisoned in her conviction and Miss Prism's that "as a man sows so shall he reap." Without malice, with innocent pleasure at being untied and let out, I read her official Life, by the light of which I saw her no longer as a stern daughter of the voice of God, but as a rather solemn and elderly lady, capable of calling something "half unveracious," a letter-writer with a heavy hand.

By how much was I glad to have read George Eliot's letters, by so much was I sorry to have read a few essays by Henry Fielding. My liking for Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones had not been a bondage. Fielding imposed upon me no vision of the world which I had to get rid of, to unsee and forget, before I could look at the world again with such eyes as God had given me. His novels had left me free, pleased, incurious. So do Mr. Arnold Bennett's. No contemporary whom I rate anywhere near so high inspires me with less curiosity about him. And this is but half the truth. I suspect him of certain traits which I had rather not face. Unlike Mr. Bennett himself, who has said that "above everything else I prize intellectual honesty"—is "intellectual" just what he means?—I am often a coward "intellectually." Rather than see him as he is, as his Maker sees him when He looks his way, I accept my blindness. I refuse to behold again the amusement, the exhaustive and systematic skittishness, of Mr. Bennett when he is contemplating, for example, nausea. Strange to think that at some time or other, while man was still as primitive as the anthropologists would have us believe, just as there was a first murder, a first adultery, a first bad check, so there must have been a first joke about nausea. Had the first been the last I should have uttered no complaint. There are in A Great Man certain chapters I shall never reread.

There are no jokes about nausea, to the best of my recollection, in The Human Machine, How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day, or Literary Taste and How to Form It. Yet I was sorry I had read them. Openly and unashamedly and emphatically they did a little to lessen my liking for Mr. Bennett. They instigated, echoes of them still instigate, me to unreasonable and querulous fault-finding. Now, Mr. Bennett says in Literary Taste, Chapter IX, "now, the pleasurable sensations induced by the fortieth chapter of Isaiah are among the sensations usually induced by high-class poetry. The writer of it was a very great poet, and what he wrote is a very great poem." Rather too easy, rather too merely assertive, don't you think? Compare it with Donne: "So that if all those manifold and fearfull judgements, which swell in every chapter, and blow in every verse, and thunder in every line of every Booke of the Bible, fall upon all them that come hither . . . ." Mr. Pearsall Smith's selections from Donne's Sermons, p. 19.

Or, taking a much less flagrant instance, let us go differently to work. Instead of choosing a poor passage rom Mr. Bennett and contrasting it with what he might ll a "high-class" passage from Donne, let us contrast Mr. nnett when he is good with something better. From ings That Have Interested Me, Second Series (Doran, .50 net): ". . . and the panorama from the summit at dusk is of a magical beauty. The time to see the romance of Lisbon is after the glare of the sun on the white, pink, and yellow buildings has begun to fade, when the washed clothes that flow down on poles from the windows of every storey in the quieter streets have lost their intimate detail in the twilight and become mysterious." From Mr. Whistler's Ten o'Clock: "And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then . . . ."

Is it unfair thus to remind a writer of occasions when earlier writers have beaten him? It is. Then why do some of Mr. Bennett's books provoke me to this particular kind of unfairness? Things That Have Interested Me, because he has found many of these things interesting enough to be called good or bad, and not much else. The description just quoted is one of the least lazy. Often he puts us off with such loose-fitting epithets as unique, grand, inspiring, sublime, simply prodigious. And his competence as a giver of good marks and bad is too ubiquitous to be credible, too unhumorously complacent to be persuasive. And to be interested is for Mr. Bennett, if we had nothing to go by but Things That Have Interested Me, to be pretty monotonous. His tone is much the same whatever he is greeting, whether a fine wine, a bridge without a rival, the finest modern English prose, a perfect cigar, or the finest restaurant in the world. I feel as if he had learned in night-school, for we all know there is a night-school side to Mr. Bennett, to regard a raised voice as a good substitute for more specific response. With him on his travels I feel as if my fellow-traveller, when looking at the finest sunset in Europe, and when eating the finest soup in Europe, signified his pleasure by making the same kind of noise.

Suppose a competitive one man show, and that man Arnold Bennett, which of his books would get first prize? I should vote for The Old Wives' Tale, if I were one of the judges. Admitting that its best parts are not better than the best of Clayhanger, I should explain my vote, if asked to, by asserting that nowhere else in fiction, so far as I know, is the passage of time so like the passage of real time; that the book has a beautiful and a new shape of its own, for the sake of which Mr. Bennett has made no compromise, sacrificed no lifelikeness; that its design, although actually the result of sustained imaginative effort, appears to be the result of mere faithfulness to time and change. Nevertheless, The Old Wives' Tale is not the best of Mr. Bennett's books. Still unpublished, perhaps still unwritten, his best will be a cross between The Old Wives' Tale and Denry. It will contain, among other good and great things, his humor, his perception of anomalies and incongruities, his laughter at himself. Here a great moment, falling short of greatness, will achieve something different and better. Here a habit will knock an important occasion into a cocked hat. Everywhere the unlikeness of what happens to what was expected will tell us to keep an eye on life if we would enjoy and understand it. Here, too, we shall have Mr. Bennett's ingenious, his inventive, his imaginative cheek. How inexhaustible will be the overflowing granary, almost bursting the covers of how thick a book! In length and breadth, in height and in depth, it will be built to the scale of Mr. Bennett's genius. He will begin it, I think, without prayer but after fasting for a few months, after learning How To Live For Awhile on Twenty-Four Words a Day. P. L.

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# Fifty Years of Europe

*Old Diplomacy and New, by A. L. Kennedy. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $5.00.*

"THE general public," says Mr. Kennedy, with regret, "seems hardly to consider the vital importance to its daily life of Foreign Affairs." It is the British general public that he is talking about; but he would have no occasion to revise his remarks if he were talking of America. Ruhr news is doing very well, in the great provincial press outside of the big cities, if it can climb aboard the second page; Bishop Manning, Fatty Arbuckle's reinstatement (pro and con), Dr. Coué and the McCormicks have won more favor in the first-page headlines. Interest in "foreign affairs," in both Britain and America, it seems, is still at low ebb. Mr. Kennedy deplores that fact—and writes his book expressly with the hope of waking up some portion of the populace. He is especially interested in attracting the attention of the British Labor party. "Its leaders should and will be called upon, before many years are past, to direct the foreign policy of the British Empire."

Mr. Kennedy's own interest in foreign affairs is possibly an inherited rather than an acquired characteristic. For both his father and his grandfather were members of the British diplomatic corps. He himself has campaigned all over Europe as staff correspondent of the London Times. His convictions, judged by the barometer of the Versailles Treaty, are definitely liberal. That Treaty's boundary lines he regards as "neither just nor politic" in certain instances; its economic basis is flimsy; its reparations items are open to the charge of "bad faith"; "a peace imposed is not a peace of equity"—and peace with a new Germany can be won only through a Treaty "freely discussed and unreservedly accepted."

What Mr. Kennedy has done with his interest in foreign affairs has been to write, with a style that swings along almost as easily as Mr. Strachey's, and imparts impressions often just as vivid, a history of British diplomacy from Salisbury to Lloyd George. Sometimes the story throws new light on Europe's darker corners; Mr. Kennedy tells us, for instance—and it is news at least to the present reviewer—that after idealism had failed to bring Bulgaria into the war beside the Allies, Sir Edward Grey dispatched a certain "Mr. F." to Sofia with two million pounds, to see what that sum, skilfully employed in high political circles, might accomplish. On the other hand, there are parts of the story where Mr. Kennedy handles his material as if he were afraid it might explode. One sentence suffices for Britain's secret pact with Russia. Another single sentence disposes of Britain and her French ally cutting up the spoils of western Asia in 1917, lifting their heads occasionally, between successive lunges with the knife, to proclaim themselves the friends of freedom and the smaller nationalities. Surely a consideration of such events belongs in any treatise that attempts to handle Old Diplomacy and New.

As the story of the last fifty years unfolds in Mr. Kennedy's narrative—Salisbury, Lansdowne, Fashoda, Algeciras, and the rest of it—there are two points above all others that come home to roost. One is the frequent fashion in which "liberal" governments turn "imperialist" once they get the taste of power: Mr. Gladstone, for instance, having denounced imperialism, proceeds, as Prime Minister, to annex Burma, the Somali Coast and the Oil Rivers, and to charter the British North Borneo Company and the Royal Niger Company. And the other is the way in which "historic policies," today decked out with sentimentalism, date back to quite unsentimental bargains. The famous Entente Cordiale that lined up Britain with France in the last war goes back to 1904, when M. Cambon and Lord Lansdowne swapped Egypt for Morocco. The celebrated "rapprochement" between Russia and Great Britain (1907) was predicated on an agreement as to just how they would cut up the state of Persia, an innocent bystander throughout the whole procedings. Italy, bursting into the war on the Allied side in 1915, first sent her terms to the Central Powers. The story of the last fifty years in Europe is a succession of highly self-enlightened counter-moves.

"Old Diplomacy and New." Just where, in this welter, the "new" diplomacy appears, it is difficult to gather. "To the public eye," says Mr. Kennedy, "the difference between the old diplomacy and the new seems to consist in doing business at conferences instead of in the chanceries and anterooms of professional diplomatists." That, however, is only a surface view of things, Mr. Kennedy believes; but it is hard to tell where, in that case, he does think the "new" diplomacy begins. For the last few chapters of his history are overcrowded with the "old."

It is only by inference that Mr. Kennedy suggests what he means by a new order. From his salute to President Wilson, when that statesman arrives in Paris with twelve of his first fourteen points, it is to be judged that Mr. Kennedy regards a disinterested consideration of international political and economic aspirations as one item in the "new" diplomacy; from his comments on Lord Salisbury it appears that he regards a certain openness of method as another: "Diplomacy was the closed preserve of the professionals in the Victorian age, and few persons then questioned the desirability of complete secrecy."

It happens that Mr. Kennedy's book is prefaced with an introduction by Sir Valentine Chirol; and the notion that there is any established "newness" in contemporary diplomacy Sir Valentine effectively explodes. There is a new conception of conduct between nations, he suggests; but scarcely a new diplomacy—unless it be in the sense of a diplomacy with new faults. Diplomats seem less ready to take the advice of experts. That is something new. Diplomacy is also controlled in more cases by great financial and industrial interests. That is also something new. And then diplomacy has acquired something new in the line of hypocrisy. The Treaty of Berlin, the last great achievement of the "old" diplomacy, was far from an ideal achievement; but at least it was straightforward. "It scarcely professed to have any loftier aims than a distribution of territories in accordance with the reputed interests of the Great Powers." Compare it with Versailles.

Mr. Kennedy does not touch upon the point so explicitly, but it is the impression of the man who writes his introduction that Versailles has its excuses. "If the Paris Peace Conference is to be taken as a criterion of the 'new diplomacy,' we must admit in mitigation of its partial failure that it had to deal with a cataclysm such as the old diplomacy was never called upon to face."

Versailles had too great a task before it. And the fact is, that in any real emergency the task will always be too great—until the same inventiveness has been applied to politics that has been applied to the modern industry which sets the pace for politics. The "new" diplomacy is not primarily a matter of right-mindedness and conviction. It needs machinery for a more realistic grip on facts, a more realistic appraisal of them, and a more workable subdivision of them into units men can handle. CHARLES MERZ.

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# Workers' Education in the United States

*Workers' Education in the United States: Report of the Proceedings of the Second National Conference. New York: Workers' Education Bureau of America. 50c.*

WITH the blessing of Samuel Gompers, workers' education is under way inside the American labor movement. The American Federation of Labor has endorsed the Workers' Education Bureau, and urges organizations to affiliate with the Bureau. So it seems that the pioneers started something.

What they started is told of in the Report on the second national conference on workers' education. About one hundred workers' educational experiments are in existence. Perhaps fifteen thousand workers are enrolled. They learn the American language, how to speak it in public, economics, history, politics, labor, law. All the sports and varieties of a new enterprise are articulate in this Report. Paul Blanshard uses both "compulsion" and "jazz." Mr. Matthew Woll is insistent on "the true philosophy of the American Federation of Labor."

But already one tendency is pushing through, though still at low visibility. Some of the American workers are demanding that education directly feed the life of the union. This is different from a disinterested culture-quest and from a propagandist drive. As the clear voice of Rochester says, "What they want is labor dope, something about the conduct of the Union, something practical that will help them in time of a strike." The representative of Amherst's functional culture is busy showing "how this material may be used in formulating an aggressive policy in wage fights." Brookwood marks out a program that includes book-keeping, office management, statistics, organizing work, journalism. Philadelphia desires "a working knowledge of the factors that determine the situation they are caught in." Mr. Gompers doubts the wisdom "of having a non-union person try to teach trade unionism to trade union working men and women." Dr. Fichandler was shocked by finding in Wales "horny handed sons of toil devoting an hour to discussing Browning." In short, as Miss Cohn puts it, "economic efforts of the labor movement to accomplish its aims must be reenforced by other factors, chief among which it workers' education. The duty of our union is to supply its members with a working body of social and economic fact."

Workers' education will properly continue to be a pretty practical affair, as long as enormous masses of workers are unorganized, as long as great unions, like the Miners', can be scabbed in the richest coal districts, as long as the status of unions is a legal football. The American labor movement is young in an annoying world. American workers' education therefore will probably be militant rather than cultural, for a generation or two.

The next important step in education will be taken when an international union, such as that of the Machinists or Miners, acts as a body in establishing an educational department, along the lines of the Ladies Garment Workers.

The Workers' Education Bureau itself should be wholly supported by labor funds. Informal anonymous support "on the side" is an incorrect method. It is the aim of the Bureau to become self-supporting in the near future.

Our American kindliness is the enemy of searching criticism and the making of standards. For instance, naming loosely-formed workers' classes "Colleges" and "Universities" blurs a necessary distinction. "Mass education" is another disguise. Also, pioneers should avoid such a sentence as "There is a second factor about this whole movement which is brought to focus by this very contrast between the effect."

But these are little things. It is admirable that a central Bureau makes the accumulated technique of many classes available for a new group, and makes the fresh experience of that group available for the whole movement. To build a Workers' Bookshelf is a good job. To praise famous men is easy. It is better to praise obscure persons faithful in a gruelling task.

ARTHUR GLEASON.

# Boudoir Erudition

*Madame de Staël: Her Trials and Triumphs, by Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard. New York: George H. Doran. $5.00.*

IN his Lundis Sainte-Beuve says of a critic: "His principal fault aside from his satire, which was well-aimed, was that of utterly disregarding the more serious and elevated parts of a work, thereby greatly narrowing his range." This applies admirably to Mr. Haggard's attempt to portray Mme. de Staël. His book illustrates "the erudition of the boudoir" of which she somewhere speaks. It is a history of her body, almost detached from her spirit, flowing along in a novelesque style appropriate thereto. Much that Mr. Haggard narrates is true—though among other debatable matters is his insinuation that Mme. de Staël plotted the advancement of Napoleon to the Consulate—but the most important things about her he either omits or mentions in passing. They would not contribute to the "entertainment" of his brother Rider, which is the avowed purpose of the book. From it, it would be hard to guess that Saintsbury declared Mme. de Staël's book on Germany to be the noblest estimate of one country by the citizen of another, or that James Mackintosh called it the greatest production of the feminine mind, that Professor Pellissier celebrates her as the instituter of a new school of criticism and Professor Babbitt as the chief instigator of the comparative study of literature, that Macaulay pronounced her the greatest woman of her age, that Byron regarded her as the greatest of literary women and that she is to Sainte-Beuve "one of the cults of my youth and one that I have never abjured."

Mme. de Staël was famous for the flashes of insight by which she divined the character of peoples, for an insistent internationalism, midway between provincial patriotism and denationalism, for her genius for conversation in which great thoughts were not only marvellously expressed but miraculously born, for her "enthusiasm"—peculiarly for liberty and for "the perfectibility of mankind"—and for her persistent duel with Napoleon. It is only the last of these which Mr. Haggard thinks worthy of more than passing remark. This he treats exhaustively and cleverly, but inadequately. He never mentions the book which Sorel regards as the most virile of her writings—the Considerations on the French Revolution—in which she describes the impression made upon her by Napoleon on their first meeting. "I felt vaguely that no emotional feeling could influence him. He regards a human creature as a fact but not as an existence. He feels no more hate than love. . . .

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The force of his will consists in the imperturbable calculations of his egotism. Neither pity nor sympathy nor religion nor attachment to any idea whatsoever would have power to turn him from his path. . . . I saw in his soul a cold and cutting sword which froze while wounding, which nothing fine or noble could escape, not even his own glory." Lamartine thought it worth while to turn these words, which Mr. Haggard passes by, into poetry. He does not even let her say what half the world believes: "The greatest grievance which Napoleon felt toward me was on account of the love of liberty, which I have always cherished," nor does he quote her famous remark: "Napoleon believed in the sincerity of no one's opinion; morality he thought merely a formula." What this fatal duel meant to her, Corinne, her idealization of herself, expresses in a most characteristic utterance: "When once we have made enthusiasm ridiculous, we have destroyed everything save gold and power."

Mr. Haggard is undoubtedly right in intimating that Mme. de Staël was a stranger to profound thought. She was voluble, volatile, fluent, "inflammable as a volcano," rushing as a mountain brook. She overwhelmed most. She made Schiller ill. Goethe declared that she wished to settle in a five minute conversation what should only be debated in the depths of a man's conscience between himself and God. Heine mocked: "She looked upon our philosophers as so many different kinds of ices. She sipped Kant like a vanilla sherbert and Fichte like a pistachio cream." She begged Goethe to give her fifteen days but Fichte only fifteen minutes. After ten of them she stopped him: "I understand; I have seen your system as an illustration; it is one of the adventures of Baron Munchausen." She failed to apprehend the depths of Faust as well as of philosophy. She wrote for the love of glory. She had pity for herself as well as for mankind, and was constantly expressing it. She hated discipline. She had no feeling for nature. "Were it not for the opinion of men," she averred, "I would not open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time, but I would travel five hundred leagues to converse with a talented man I had never met."

For all that, she was spontaneous, large-hearted, open-minded, sincere. She was always breaking lances with "the proprieties, which have gradually undermined love, enthusiasm, religion." She is the embodiment of Romanticism and the coiner of the word in its modern sense. As Sainte-Beuve has it: "Like most genuises and more eminently than any other, she was distinguished by the universality of her intelligence, her need of change and renewal, her vast capacity of love." That capacity was lamentably exercised, and Mr. Haggard has the right to satirize it. But unless a man has some sympathy for such a temperament, he should not essay her biography; he should not, at least, attempt to turn the trials and triumphs of such a nature into material for entertainment. She might repeat to him some words from her "Germany": "Do you know the hope which penetrates the soul when there arises in it the confident belief that by the gift of eloquence we are about to declare some profound truth? How many hours of happiness has not a work been worth to him who wrote it as an act of worship!"

The author closes his work with an abruptness only explainable by a sudden invitation to an ocean voyage. He therefore also omits the words of his victim in her last illness: "I have always been the same, intense and sorrowful. I have loved God, my father, and liberty."

It is unfortunate, considering our times, that Mr. Haggard did not remind his readers of the hopes that Mme. de Staël placed in the allies who fought her country for the reestablishment, as she supposed, of the "moral virtues" which Napoleon had stolen from Europe, or of the sad disillusionment, which we can so readily understand, with which she discovered that they were men of "but one idea, might, . . . mediocre men, time-servers who have not the will to think beyond the present facts." Probably it was because of her too great faith that in Professor Pariset's words "she broke down barriers, she opened out horizons, she sowed the seeds of new ideas and believed in their force. She could not conceive of politics divorced from morals, or of morals divorced from religion. She was at once a liberal and a believer. In the noblest sense of the word she was an idealogue."

A. W. VERNON.

*Two Little Misogynists, by Carl Spitteler. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $3.25.*

IT is not impossible to imagine Herr Spitteler smiling gravely to himself over Two Little Misogynists, one of those terrible but charming books for children that must inevitably force itself and its hidden significances upon parents whose duty it is to read aloud. For there is a sharp thrust of satire between the lines, and a deal of tolerant philosophy, to say nothing of a far from superficial drama that underlies a simple and engaging story of three children on their way to school. In spite of its undertones, however, the book is too slight to give any proper impression of one of the few important contemporary Swiss authors, a winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1920.

K. F.

## Contributors

M. J. BONN is a professor of political economy in and the director of the Munich Handelshochschule, and the author of a number of books on political subjects. During 1914-15 he was an exchange professor at the University of California.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD, whose untimely death occurred on January 9, 1923, at Fontainebleau, had published two volumes of short stories, Bliss and The Garden Party, and a number of critical essays which appeared in the Athenaeum and elsewhere.

EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS has been a professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin since 1906. He is an editor of the American Journal of Sociology, and the author of Social Control, The Changing Chinese, The Old World in the New, Russia in Upheaval, South of Panama, etc.

S. K. RATCLIFFE is an English journalist who is in this country as American representative of the Manchester Guardian.

CHARLES MERZ is a former member of the editorial staff of the New Republic and of the New York World.

ARTHUR GLEASON was for some years an editor of Colliers and, more recently, English correspondent for the Survey. He is the author of British Labor and the War (with Paul U. Kellogg), What the Workers Want, etc.

A. W. VERNON is professor of biography at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota.

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